

GUITAR/LYRICS

# SLIM DUSTY SONG BOOK

Vol 2



\$16.00



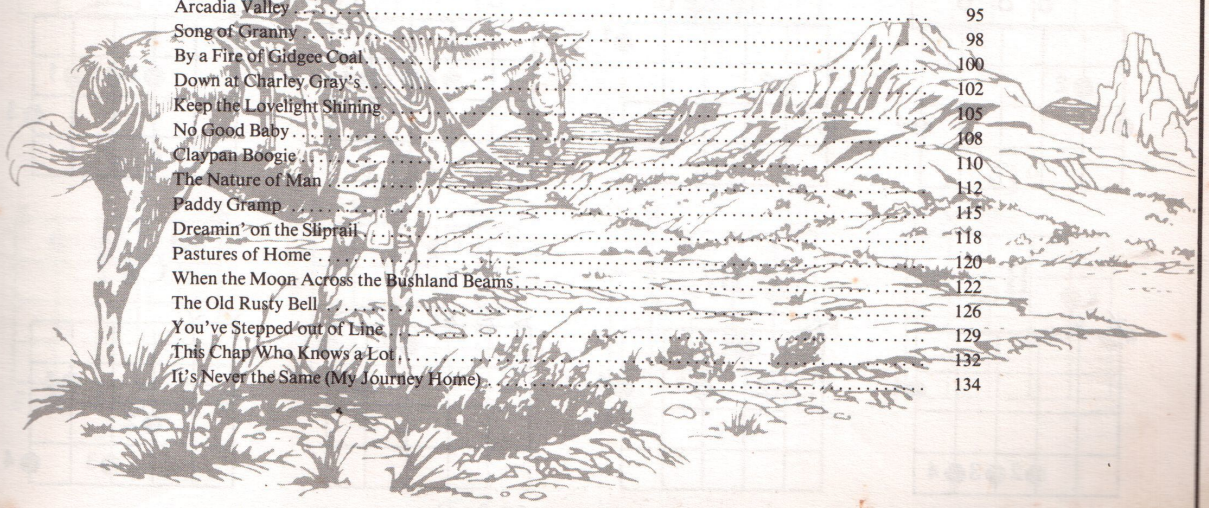
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John H. Fell

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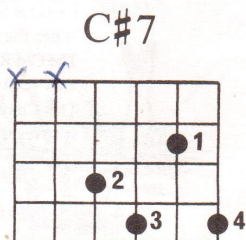
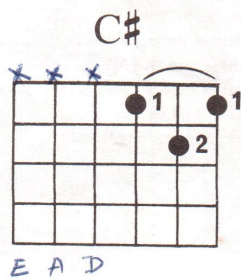
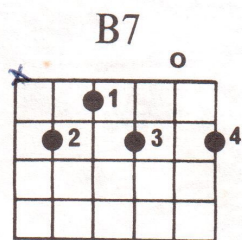
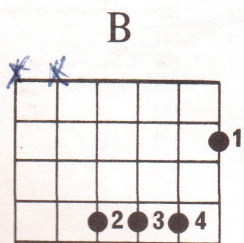
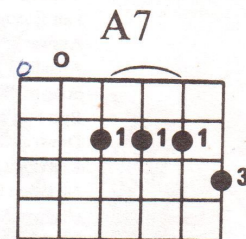
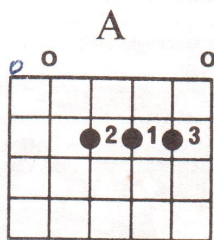
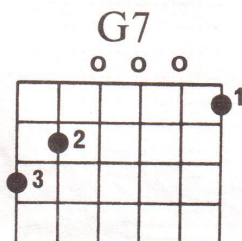
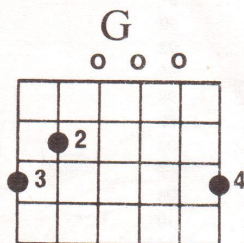
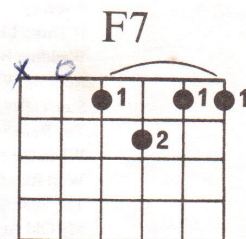
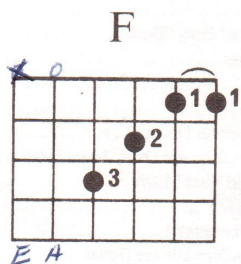
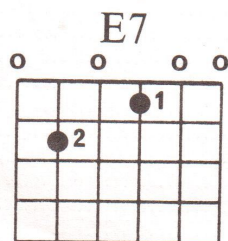
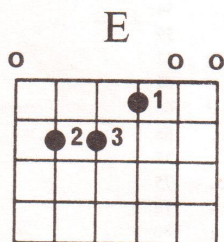
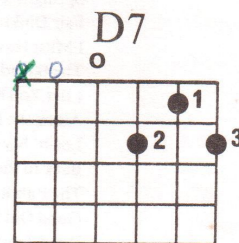
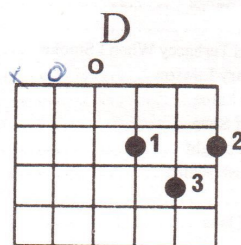
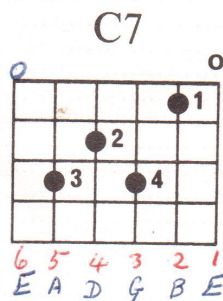
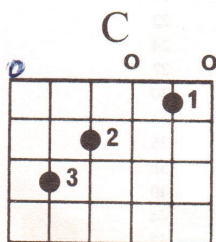
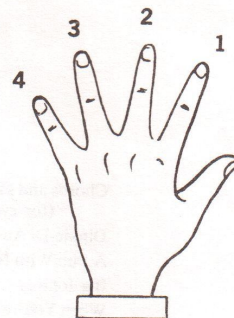




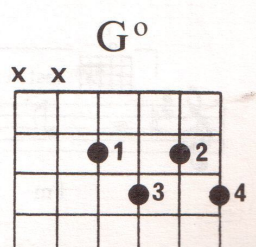
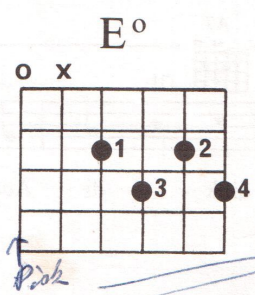
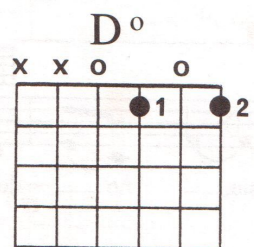
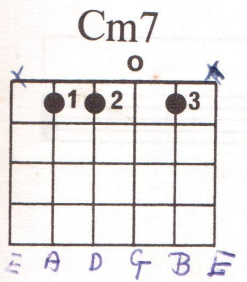
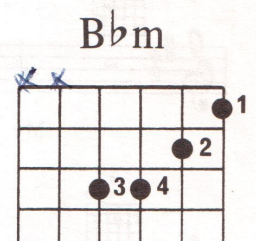
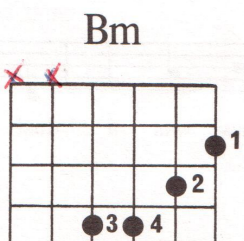
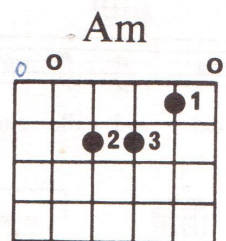
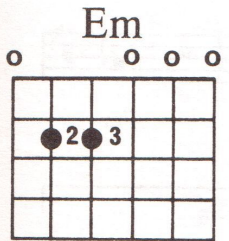
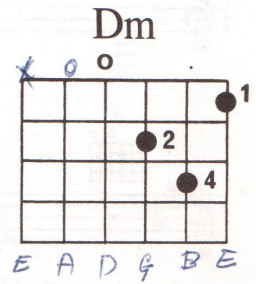
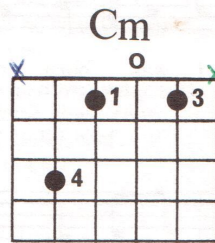
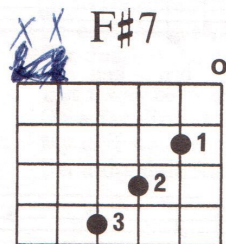
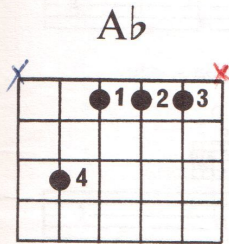
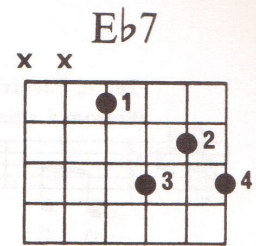
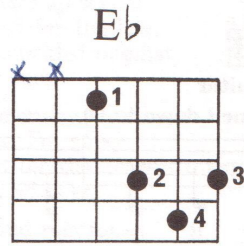
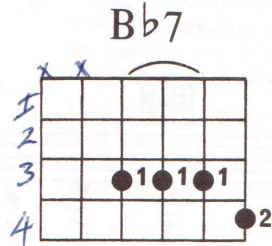
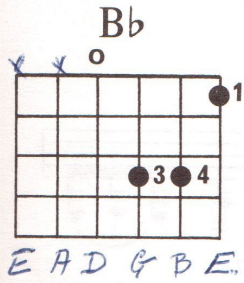
6 5 4 3 2 1  
E A D G B E

## CHORDS AND FINGERINGS for every song in this book

Note: Strings marked with a cross are not sounded.









# DINKI-DI AUSSIE

Words by  
STAN COSTER

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

Intro: Electric guitar  
(Bottom E string tuned down to D)

A7

D

1. I was born in a bro - ken down wag - on - ette

on a far — dis - tant Queens - land stock route,

My shawl was a dust - y old sad - dle cloth, I'm a

dink - i - di Aus - sie, — no — doubt. 2. I was

I'm a dink - i - di Aus - sie, — no — doubt.

last verse rit.

verses 1 - 6



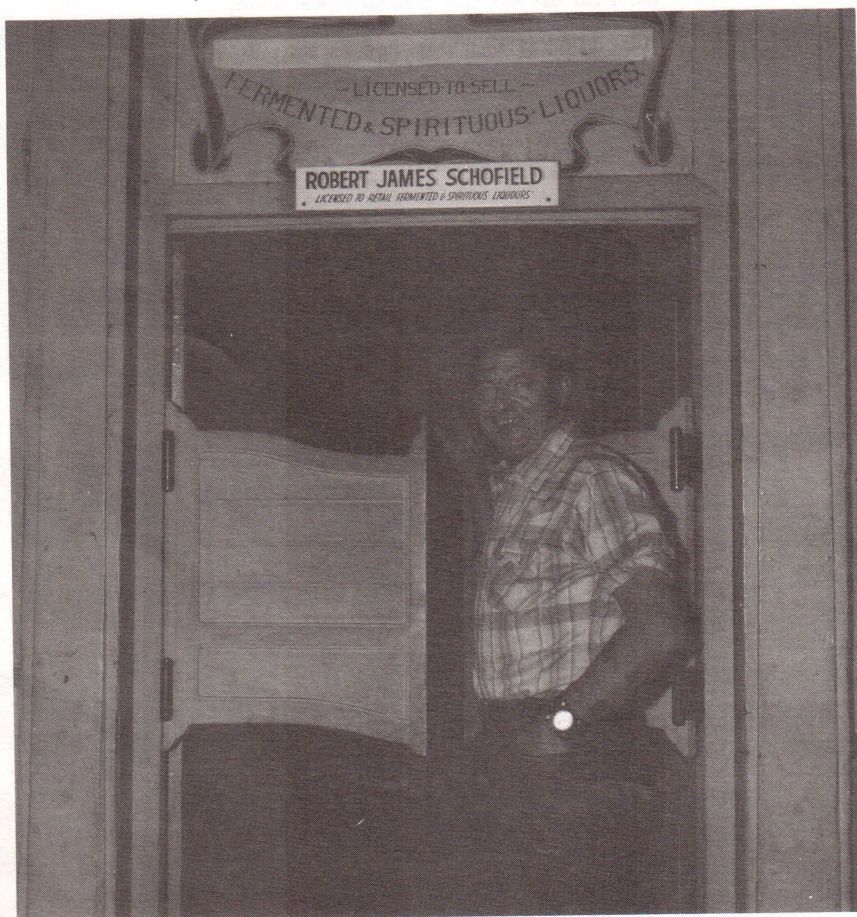
2. I was raised on the milk of a kangaroo,  
My dummy was a rum bottle cork,  
My diet was damper and bully beef,  
I'm a dinki-di Aussie corn stalk.
3. I went to the class of a two-up school  
Where a cockatoo watched for the law,  
My teacher was a bare knuckled pugilist,  
I'm a dinki-di Aussie for sure.
4. I work in the country for many months,  
And some people say that I'm queer,  
With a fat cheque I head for the nearest town,  
And I bust it on horses and beer.
5. I'm allergic to red tape and relations,  
No in-laws can yap down my ear,  
I'm rough and I'm rowdy and I drink a bit,  
I'm the cause of that pub with no beer.
6. When finally I go to that other land  
A preacher man told me you see,  
He said the reception will be very warm  
For dinki-di Aussies like me.
7. But I was born in a broken-down wagonette  
On a far distant Queensland stock route,  
My diet was damper and bully beef,  
I'm a dinki-di Aussie no doubt.



## A Pub With No Beer

I guess everybody knows all about Australia's saddest song. It was originated in North Queensland by an old Irishman, Dan Sheahan, my mate for many a long beer, I mean 'year'.

Gordon Parsons built the verses up with a lot of characters, set it to a good tune, and I recorded it first as a B side to my song, *Saddle Boy*. But oh boy, people just got the message and away it went. Today it's a part of our folk lore... Thanks to Dan and Gordon. A journalist somewhere was rude enough to comment that Gordon and I could have been the reasons for *The Pub With No Beer*. Here's to "The Pub".





# A PUB WITH NO BEER

7

Words and Music by  
GORDON PARSONS

1. It's lone - some a - way from your kin - dred and  
all, By the camp - fire at night where the wild din - goes  
call; But there's noth - ing so lone - some, so mor - bid or  
drear, Than to stand in a bar of a pub with no  
beer. 16

2. Now the beer.

verses 1 - 6 last verse



2. Now the publican's anxious  
For the quota to come,  
There's a far away look  
On the face of the "bum";  
The maid's gone all cranky,  
And cook's acting queer,  
What a terrible place  
Is a pub with no beer.

3. Then the stockman rides up  
With his dry dusty throat,  
He breasts up to the bar,  
Pulls a wad from his coat,  
But the smile on his face  
Quickly turns to a sneer,  
When the barman says sadly:  
"The pub's got not beer."

4. Then the swaggie comes in  
Smothered in dust and flies,  
He throws down his roll,  
Rubs the sweat from his eyes;  
But when he is told he says:  
"What's this I hear?"

**Spoken:** I've trudged fifty flamin' miles  
To a pub with no beer."

**SUNG:** 5. There's a dog on the v'randah,  
For his master he waits,  
But the boss is inside  
Drinking wine with his mates;  
He hurries for cover  
And he cringes in fear,  
It's no place for a dog  
'Round a pub with no beer.

6. Old Billy the Blacksmith,  
The first time in his life  
Has gone home cold sober  
To his darling wife;  
He walks in the kitchen,  
She says: "You're early my dear,"  
But he breaks down and tells her:  
"The pub's got no beer."

7. It's lonesome away  
From your kindred and all,  
By the campfire at night  
Where the wild dingoes call;  
But there's nothing so lonesome,  
So morbid or drear  
Than to stand in a bar  
Of a pub with no beer.

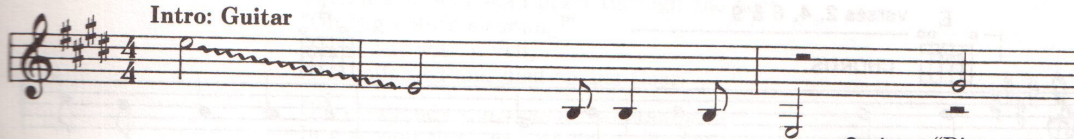


# BIG JOHN

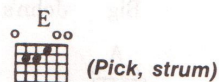
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Words and Music by  
RODNEY GOW

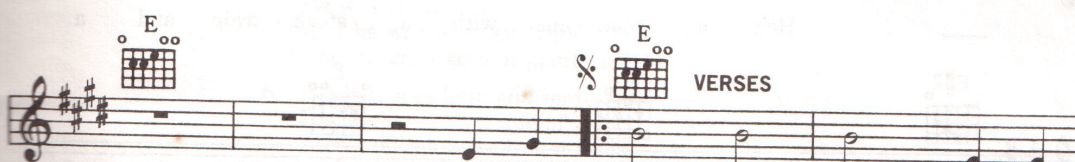
## Intro: Guitar



Spoken: "Big

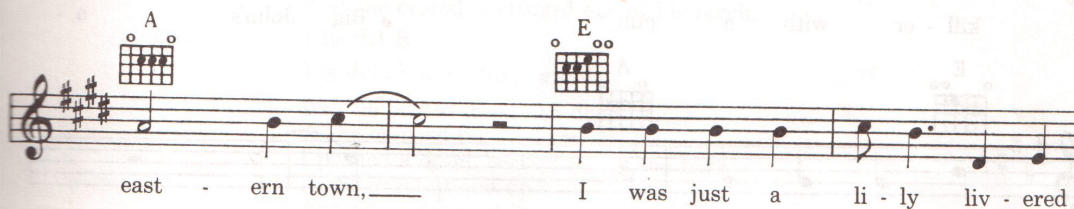


John".



## VERSES

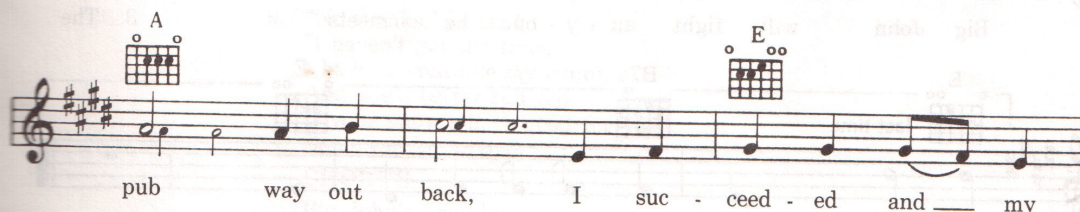
1. I was born and raised in an



east - ern town, — I was just a li - ly liv - ered



boy; Then I tried to get a job in a



pub way out back, I suc - ceed - ed and — my

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B7 E

verses 1, 3, 5, 7 & 8 Last time D.S.

heart leapt with joy. 2. The

E CHORUS A

verses 2, 4, 6 & 9

Big John's a - com - ing, Get set to run, —

A E

— He's a mad - man with a stock - whip and a

F#7 B7 E

kill - er with a gun; Big John's a -

E A

com - ing, Bet - ter clear the streets, —

E B7 E

1st, 2nd & 3rd time  
D.S. with repeat

Big John will fight an - y - one he meets. 3. The

E B7 E

last time

Big John will fight an - y - one he meets.



2. The boss said: "Son, oh you'll be alright,  
If you just remember what I say,  
If somebody yells 'Big John's a-coming',  
Run, 'cause you've just got to get away."

**CHORUS**

Big John's a-coming, *etc.*

3. The job went well for a week or so  
Then a worn-out man burst through the door,  
"Oh Big John's a-coming!"  
He let out with a yell,  
And collapsed and died on the floor.
4. Oh, everybody ran, was a real stampede,  
In a second there was no one there but me,  
So I stood behind the bar  
With a bottle in my hand,  
Thought: "This is what I've come outback to see."

**CHORUS**

Big John's a-coming, *etc.*

5. I looked out the window, then up the street,  
I couldn't believe what my eyes told me,  
He was eight foot tall  
And he was four feet wide,  
And he sat astride a giant buffalo.
6. His hair was long and matted,  
His clothes were made of iron,  
A crocodile followed on a leash;  
As he reached the hitching rail  
He punched the buffalo to the ground,  
And the crocodile cringed out of his reach.

**CHORUS**

Big John's a-coming, *etc.*

7. Well he busted down the door  
As he crashed into the room,  
I pushed a dozen bottles across the bar;  
As he grabbed one up  
And as he drank it down,  
I was wishing I was home with my Ma.
8. Well he polished off the dozen  
And smashed 'em to the floor,  
Then his blood shot eyes grew big and bright;  
I grabbed another carton  
And said: "Here mate, help yourself,"  
Then he spoke to me and I turned ghostly white.
9. "No thanks," he said,  
"I haven't got the time,  
I have to continue my running,  
And you'd better run too,  
If you know what's good for you,  
Don't you know that

**CHORUS**

Big John's a-coming, *etc.*



# WHEN YOU'RE SHORT OF A QUID

Words by  
STAN COSTER

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

Key Bb: Capo 1st Fret  
Capo chords in brackets

1. Well I've lis - tened with pa - tience to  
all your sad tales, When you're short of a smoke or the  
pub has no ale; But tell me fair  
din - kum I don't want you to kid, Have you ev - er been  
drift - ing and short of a quid?  
2. If you've  
drift - ing and short of a quid?

verses 1 - 6

last verse

Handwritten annotations: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.



2. If you've been to a strange town  
In search of a job,  
Where a stranger's not welcome  
With the local born mob;  
Then you've probably done  
The same thing as I did,  
Stood around in the bar  
And was short of a quid.
3. As I gazed at the drinkers  
All quenching their thirst,  
My lips were so dry,  
I thought they would burst;  
I reckoned someone would notice,  
But nobody did,  
They'd apparently never  
Been short of a quid.
4. Now the publican's looks  
Were as black as the night,  
And I heard someone whisper;  
"This bloke's on the bite";  
So I held up my wristwatch  
And called for a bid,  
But no one would buy it  
Or lend me a quid.
5. Now you blokes who have money  
To travel in style,  
May laugh at my story,  
But I too can smile;  
And to the battler and drifter  
I'll raise my old lid,  
'Cause they know what it's like  
To be short of a quid.
6. So if the pub has no beer  
You can always drink rum,  
While you wait with your mates  
For the quota to come;  
But your poor head gets wrinkled  
Like the hat on your head,  
When you stand in the bar  
And you're short of a quid.
7. Yes I've listened with patience  
To all your sad tales,  
When you're short of a smoke  
Or the pub has no ale;  
But tell me fair dinkum,  
I don't want you to kid,  
Have you ever been drifting  
And short of a quid?



# SOMEBODY'S MOTHER TONIGHT

Words and Music by  
SHORTY RANGER

**VERSES**

1. A - way to the west in a small coun - try —

town, With thoughts of a home 'neath the pines, — I

heard some - one sing of moth - er to - night, And

some - bod - y's moth - er — is mine. 2. I

**CHORUS**

I'm sor - ry moth - er, dear, — For the

things that I've — done, For bring - ing you so man - y —

Chord diagrams: D, A7, D, D7, G, A7

Rehearsal marks: 1st, 3rd & 4th time; 2nd & 5th time



2. I realize now  
 How lonesome you've been  
 And how many times you did pray,  
 You asked God to guide  
 My wandering steps  
 Each hour of each lonely day.

#### CHORUS

I'm sorry mother, dear, *etc.*

3. New faces may come  
 New friends they may go,  
 There's so many changes I see,  
 I've been all around,  
 But now I have found  
 There's no one like mother to me.
4. So when all the clouds  
 Have drifted and gone,  
 And the moon o'er the valley is bright,  
 I long to be near,  
 To comfort and cheer  
 That somebody's mother tonight.
5. I realize now how lonesome you've been  
 And how many times you did pray,  
 You asked God to guide  
 My wandering steps  
 And I'm wandering homeward today.

#### CHORUS

I'm sorry mother, dear, *etc.*



## The Grandest Homestead Of All

This song goes back to so long ago sitting out on the old home verandah, the day's work done on the farm, and after tea, it was often a great relief and relaxation to sing and strum the guitar. Sometimes out of these quiet sessions would come a song. We always seemed close to God in that Old Nulla Nulla Valley...

I'm sure Dad had an easy ride to the *Grandest Homestead Of All*...





# THE GRANDEST HOMESTEAD OF ALL

17

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

Handwritten annotations: 8 BARS, 7 BAR, 15, 16

1. In the shade of the friend - ly old  
gum - tree a dy - ing young stock - man there  
lay, As the sun went to rest o'er the  
hills in the west, At the close of a long sum - mer's  
day. His com - rades were gath - ered a -



round him, \_\_\_\_\_ And his twi - light hours \_\_\_\_\_ rolled

on, \_\_\_\_\_ And the mess - age he gave them e'er

leav - ing \_\_\_\_\_ I've hum - bly put in - to

verses 1 - 3 last verse

song. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. "I \_\_\_\_\_ all." \_\_\_\_\_

2. "I leave you, dear pals of the bushland,  
I bid you farewell with a smile,  
Don't let there be woe,  
My turn's come to go,  
It's only but for a short while.  
In that land where temptation is banished,  
Where sorrow will never recall,  
I'll meet you someday with our Saviour  
At the far grandest homestead of all."
3. "There'll be cattle so grand for each muster  
On the plains rolling wide way up there,  
And the colour so green,  
Such as we've never seen,  
And the bush like a maiden so fair.  
When my bridle and saddle are covered  
With cobweb and dust on the wall,  
Just remember I'll need them up yonder  
At the far grandest homestead of all."
4. "Tell mother back home who is waiting,  
Although it is our parting day,  
Tell her not to weep,  
Those vows I did keep,  
I'll meet her in heaven some day.  
The shadows are creeping around me,  
And thund'ring hoofbeats I hear fall,  
It's time to be ready and riding  
For the far grandest homestead of all."



# SPRINGTIME ON THE RANGE

19

Key E: Capo 2nd Fret  
Capo chords in brackets

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

Intro: E (D) B7 (A7) E (D) *Pick, strum*

VERSE 1: E (D) E (D) F#7 (E7)

1. It's a bon - za day — to - day as — I jog a - long my

F#7 (E7) B7 (A7)

way, Spring is here and clo - ver is in

E (D)

bloom, And the trees are green — and

E (D) F#7 (E7)

fair, And — there's sweet - ness in the air, — Old

B7 (A7) E (D)

Moth - er Na - ture seems to be in tune.



**CHORUSES**

Oh, the skies are blue and bright, There is  
 not a cloud in sight, I jig a - long and  
 swing my bri - dle reins, It's the  
 on - ly life for me, And for - ev - er I will  
 be a - rid - ing when it's spring - time on the range.

**YODEL 1**

Ha lee la la loo - oo - ee de la - ee - oh de  
 la - ee - oh de la - ee dee. 1 2 D.S. al 2. Rid - ing

The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It features a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The guitar part includes chords E (D), B7 (A7), F#7 (E7), and E (D). The voice part includes lyrics and yodeling sections. The score is divided into sections: CHORUSES, YODEL 1, and a final section with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



FAIR DINKUM

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It includes guitar chords E (D) and A (G), and a section labeled 'YODEL 2'. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics 'Coo - ee - ee, Co - oo - oo - ee,' and includes chords E (D) and B7 (A7). A first ending bracket labeled '1' leads to the third staff, which starts with a second ending bracket labeled '2' and includes the lyrics 'Oh de la - ee de de de dee;'. The third staff also features a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and ends with the lyrics 'de de de dee.' and chords B7 (A7), E (D), A (G), and E (D). Faded guitar chord diagrams are visible above the lyrics.

2. Riding singing all alone  
 Down the same old road to home,  
 I see the horses dozing in the sun,  
 And the rabbits are at play,  
 Where the station cattle stray,  
 A peaceful picture of the dear old run.

#### CHORUS

Where a man can always sing  
 In the winter or the spring,  
 Where the white faced cattle  
 Roam the dusty plains;  
 Let me yarn with the boys at night,  
 When the fires are blazen' bright,  
 Out yonder when its springtime on the range.

#### Yodel 2



# FAIR DINKUM

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**Intro:**  
Electric guitar  
Rock'n roll feel

B7

A

E

1. I don't re-mem-ber how long, It's a num-ber of

A

E

years, We've been lov-ing a-long

E

B7

through laugh-ter and tears; I got-ta set-tle down

E

A

soon, Do some se-ri-ous think-ing,

A

B7

'Cause I love you so, So fair



verses 1 - 4

last verse

dink - um. dink - um.

2. Everytime that we fight  
It leaves me so sad,  
I come round and see  
Your Mum and Dad;  
They give me that look,  
They know what I'm thinkin',  
They leave us alone  
To be fair dinkum.
3. So believe it or not,  
Though it's hard to believe,  
I guess I'm your Adam  
And you're my Eve;  
You're always in my mind  
To blur my thinkin',  
And that must be love,  
Love fair dinkum.
4. I remember one time  
We said we were through,  
I went off down town  
For a time or two.  
Met up with your girlfriends,  
At them I was winkin',  
But I love you so,  
I'd say fair dinkum.
5. So wherever I roam,  
On land or on sea,  
You'll be in my heart  
Eternally.  
'Til the end of time,  
When the world starts shrinkin',  
You'll be in my heart,  
And that's fair dinkum.



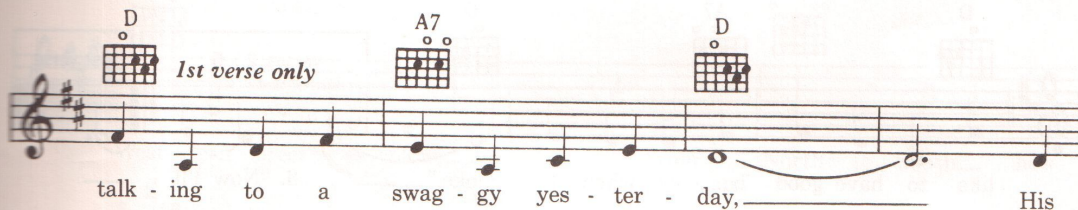
# I MUST HAVE GOOD TERBACCY WHEN I SMOKE

25

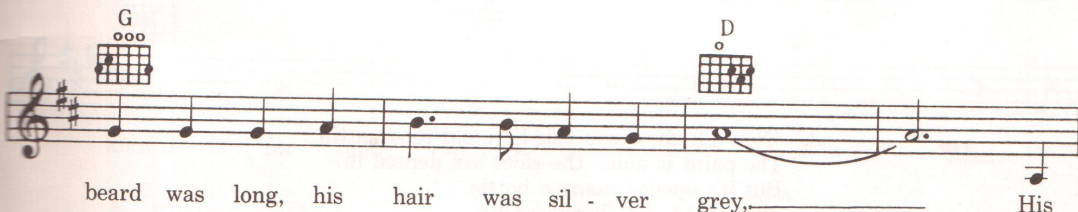
Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY



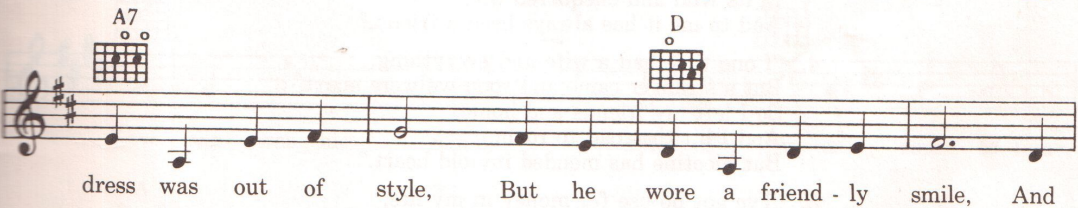
1. I was



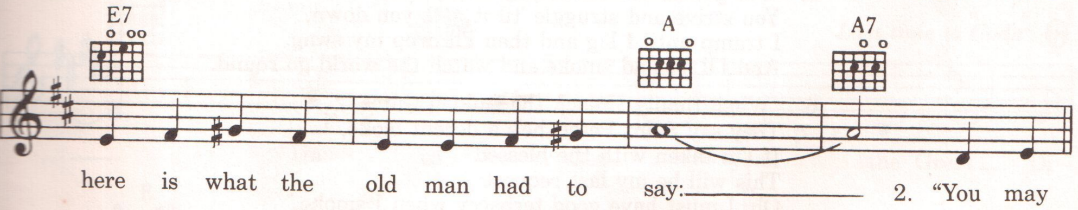
talk - ing to a swag - gy yes - ter - day, His



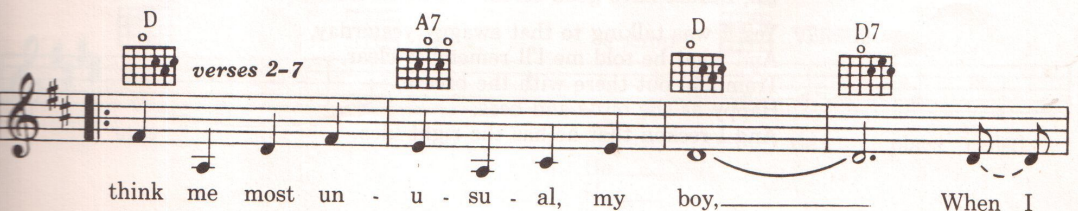
beard was long, his hair was sil - ver grey, His



dress was out of style, But he wore a friend - ly smile, And



here is what the old man had to say: 2. "You may



think me most un - u - su - al, my boy, When I



tell you straight that I am ston - y broke, I  
 tramp from year to year and I'll drink all kinds of beer, But I  
 like to have good 'bac - cy when I smoke." 3. "Now I'll

G D D7  
 G D  
 D A7 D  
 verses 2 - 6 last verse

3. "Now I'll show you this here old tobacco tin,  
 The paint is gone, the sides are dented in,  
 But it's opened many a bottle  
 In its wild and chequered life,  
 And to me it has always been a friend."
4. "I one time had a wife and everything,  
 But a stranger came and soon we were apart,  
 So I left my friends and home,  
 And I hit the road to roam,  
 But nicotine has mended my old heart."
5. "I've got no use for money in my life,  
 You strive and struggle 'til it gets you down,  
 I tramp until I lag and then I'll drop my swag,  
 And I'll sit and smoke and watch the world go round."
6. "When finally I reach the Golden Gates,  
 They say Saint Peter, he's a decent bloke,  
 If I'm taken with the blessed  
 This will be my last request:  
 Oh, I must have good terbaccy when I smoke."
7. Yes, I was talking to that swaggy yesterday,  
 And what he told me I'll remember clear,  
 Tramping out there with the breeze,  
 Happy as the birds and bees,  
 And I reckon that he has the right idea.



# THE BALLAD OF HENRY LAWSON

27

Words by  
W. RYLAND

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**CHORUSES**

There's an Aus - sie we all know, — Where the

West - ern breez - es blow, — From North to South — he's

known far and wide: Hen - ry

Law - son was his name, But he nev - er rose to fame,

— Un - til he crossed be - yond the Great — Di -

vide. rit. a tempo **VERSES**

1. In a lit - tle place called  
3. He —  
5. He —



Gren - fell, When the gold was flow - ing free, And the

min - ers and their mon - ey came and went; In

eight - een - six - ty - sev - en, When the town was on the

spree, Hen - ry Law - son he was born there in a

tent. 2. He street. 1st time D.S.  $\text{X}$  with repeat  
4. He street. 2nd time D.S.  $\text{X}$  without repeat

He There's an

vide, Un - til he crossed be -

rit. yond the Great Di - vide.

**CODA**

THE BALLAD OF HENRY LAWSON



2. He grew into a lanky lad  
When Gulgong was his home,  
His mind was bright,  
He had those itchy feet;  
He wrote a string of verses  
Of the days he used to roam  
From the dusty track outback to city street.

#### CHORUS

He drifted with the drovers  
Across the Western Plains,  
And he waltzed Matilda down the Lachlan side,  
From the Barcoo to the Murray,  
In droughts and flooding rains,  
Oh, the bush was both his mother and his bride.

3. He passed by plain and mountain  
And by burning desert sand,  
By shearing shed and lonely cattle camp;  
And when the beer was flowing  
He was there to lend a hand  
With his mates who shared his life upon the tramp.

4. He sang of wild bush brumbies,  
Of teamsters and their teams,  
Of outer tracks that only bushmen know;  
He saw the mail coach coming  
By plains and mountain streams,  
And he wrote about the lights of Cobb and Co.

#### CHORUS

He told of lonely men outback  
And women of the west,  
Of folk that fought  
To live in factory town;  
But the swaggies of the old bush school  
Were those he knew the best,  
Where the waters of the Darling wander down.

5. He boiled his billy back of Bourke  
And starved in city park,  
He penned his poems in a shaky scroll;  
But of all the old bush poets  
That have passed and left their mark  
Henry Lawson was the greatest of them all.

#### CHORUS

There's an Aussie we all know,  
Where the western breezes blow,  
From North to South he's known far and wide,  
Henry Lawson was his name,  
But he never rose to fame  
Until he crossed beyond the Great Divide.



# I BET YOU FEEL THE SAME

31

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

1. Dar - lin', dar - lin', hear my song, —

Sung by a brok - en heart, I love you and you

love me too, So why should we be a - part; There's

still a chance for our ro - mance, — I'll take all — the



blame, And un - less I miss my guess, I—

bet you feel the same.

verses 1 & 2

last verse

3. Do

2. Hand in hand we schemed and planned  
Our future wedding day,  
A life for two beneath the blue,  
In a good old fashioned way.  
Then trouble started and we parted,  
Caused each other pain,  
I'm feelin' blue for the day we knew,  
And I bet you feel the same.
3. Do you remember that September,  
Oh, what a happy time,  
Our love so true  
Came smilin' through,  
And all the world was mine,  
I long to meet you,  
Just to greet you,  
And let me explain,  
And if we try we'll still get by,  
And I bet you feel the same.



# ALONG THE ROAD OF SONG

33

Words by  
ALEX CORMACK

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**VERSE**

1. 'Neath the gum - trees by the road - way, As the  
 sun went down out - back, I lay at rest in  
 peace - ful rev - er - ie. Then I  
 thought of all the songs I'd sung a - bout the out - side  
 track, And that is how this vi - sion came to  
 me.

**FINE** 1 2

16. 2. As I Then a -



**CHORUSES**

long the road — came Farm - er Gray with his danc - in' Jer - sey

cow, But you'd nev - er know this fa - mous pair, They've

gone all high - brow now. But their har - vest days are

o - ver, Sad it is — to say, But they're

mak - in' much more mon - ey since the boo - gie came their

way.

1st time D.S.  $\text{X}$  without repeat

2nd & 3rd time D.S.  $\text{X}$

3. And the

Last time D.S.  $\text{X}$  al fine



2. As I dozed there in the shadows  
 'Neath the gumtrees by the road,  
 I heard an angel singing there on high.  
 Just welcomed into heaven  
 Was a soldier and his dog,  
 Never more would he and Rusty  
 Say goodbye.

#### CHORUS

Then along the road came Farmer Gray, *etc.*

3. And the swaggy who liked good 'baccy  
 Was smokin' a big cigar,  
 And braggin' about the fights  
 He'd had in town.  
 Then the ghost of old King Bundawaal,  
 With a wild old tribal yell,  
 Hit 'em on the head  
 With a killer boomerang.

#### CHORUS 2

Frankie and Johnnie next came by,  
 Fighting the way they do,  
 She said: "Johnnie man, you've been makin' eyes  
 At that little girl dressed in blue,"  
 He said: "I know I've done you wrong,  
 Been doing so for years,  
 And the road I travel now  
 Is down that lonesome road of tears."

#### CHORUS 3

Then along came Farmer Wilson  
 Dressed in a bathing suit,  
 A life belt hanging round his neck  
 And a flipper on each boot.  
 He says: "Well things ain't been the same  
 Since the distant day gone by,  
 When a certain character wrote a song  
 'Bout the wet month of July."

#### CHORUS 4

So I says to Farmer Wilson:  
 "Do you reckon I'm to blame?"  
 His eyes went wild and his whiskers shook  
 And his face went red as flame,  
 "Yes, you're the bloke that wrote the song  
 That's made my farm a sea,  
 And they're catchin' fish with spinners now  
 Where my cow yard used to be."

4. 'Neath the gumtrees by the roadway  
 As the Sun goes down outback,  
 I lay at rest in peaceful reverie,  
 Then I thought of all the songs I'd sung,  
 About the outside track,  
 And that is how this vision came to me.



# LOSIN' MY BLUES TONIGHT

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**G** **G** verses 1 - 4

1. Oh, you've done me wrong,— But it

**C** **G** **D7**

won't be long— 'ere my blues are out— of sight, For that

**G** **G7** **C** **G** **D**

big green en - gine's read - y to go,— Roll - in' out of town— to -

**G** **G**

1 night. 2 time. Oh!

**G** **C** **CHORUS**

sling that coal— and hear that en - gine roll, Keep the

**G** **D** **G**

sig - nals clear— to - night; Wom - en, wine and song,— I've



2. See the steam and hear the whistle scream,  
And we're off on the northern line,  
Flyin' thirty-eight,  
Never known to be late,  
Rock and roll along on time.

#### CHORUS

Oh! sling that coal, *etc.*

3. I've been in town,  
And I've been foolin' round,  
And I spent some time in jail,  
Gonna start again,  
Don't know where or when,  
But tonight I'm changin' my trail.
4. It's good to see  
The bushland free  
'Neath the moon and the stars so bright,  
And this old green rattler  
Seems to know  
I'm a-losin' my blues tonight.

#### CHORUS

Oh! sling that coal, *etc.*

#### LAST CHORUS

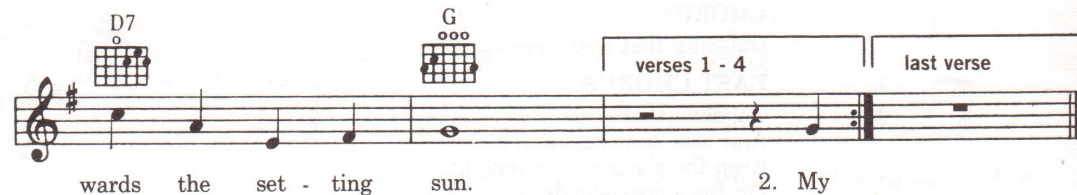
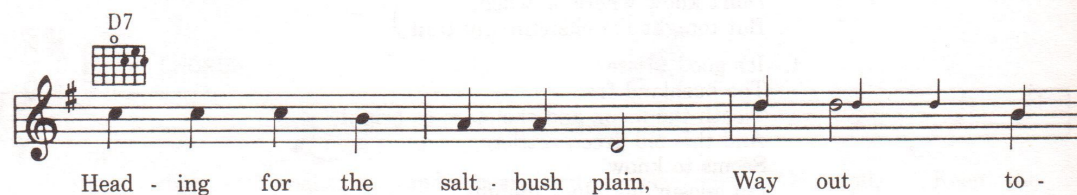
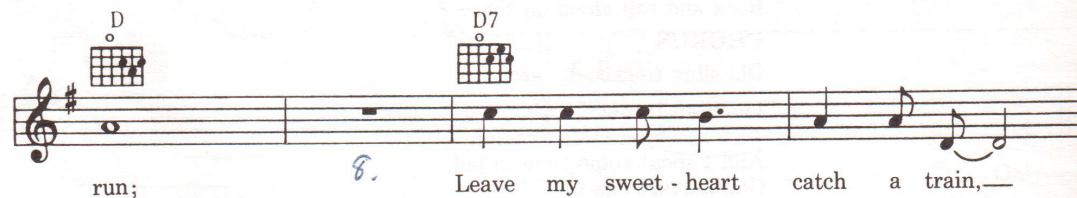
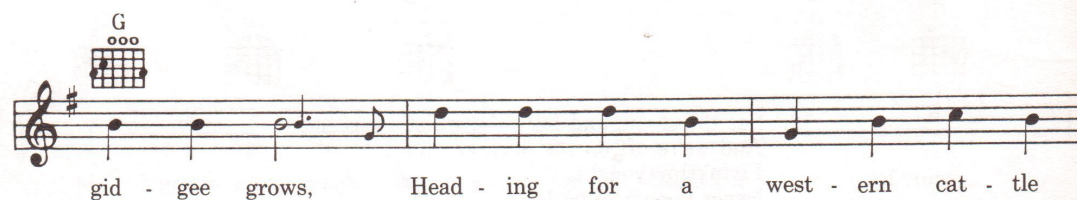
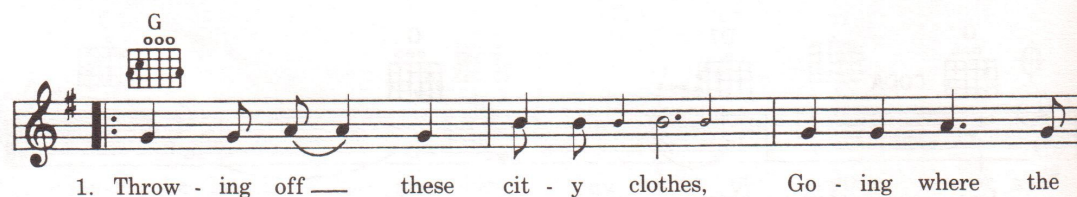
Oh! sling that coal  
And hear that engine roll,  
Keep the signals clear tonight,  
Let the smoke clouds fly,  
I'm sayin' goodbye,  
Gonna lose my blues tonight.



# BACK TO THE SALTBUSH PLAINS

Words by  
STAN COSTER

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY





2. My restless heart has been tied down  
By a girl and by a town,  
But now I'm gonna throw the sliprails wide,  
Let my wild emotions out,  
Want to cooee, want to shout,  
As I rake a fiery brumby's hide.
3. I want to let my voice go free,  
A reckless gallop through the trees,  
Hard upon a racing scrubber's trail;  
Hear the timber round me break,  
Feel the saddle leather quake,  
As I down the scrubber by the tail.
4. I want to boil my battered quart,  
Want to hear the stock horse snort,  
Hear the dingoes howling mournfully;  
Hear a thousand cattle stamp,  
As they rush from their night camp,  
All that noise is music now to me.
5. I'm throwing off these city clothes,  
Going where the gidgee grows,  
Heading for a western cattle run;  
Leave my sweetheart catch a train,  
Heading for the saltbush plain,  
Way out towards the setting sun.



## The Pub Rock

Well, you've gotta have a go mate, if you can't beat 'em join 'em—

I've always reckoned *The Pub Rock* was a good song, clever lyrics and a catchy tune but I'm afraid nobody else thought so.

I wrote quite a few songs in my rock era, such as *Fair Dinkum*, *Sunny Southern Sue* and *Rockin' Polly Doodle*, (never released on the poor public). Ah well, I suppose I was never meant for the pop charts. There's a lot more satisfaction getting a dry comment and grin from a weather beaten faced ringer from "Out There".

So Rock On Baby!





# THE PUB ROCK

41

Key B♭: Capo 1st Fret  
Capo chords in brackets

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

B♭ (A)

Rock and roll

1. I

B♭ (A)

bet you heard the sto - ry of a pub with no beer,

2. There's

B♭7 (A7)

Sad - dest sto - ry heard for man - y a year; The

E♭7 (D7)

tunes are chang - ing I've found, \_\_\_\_\_ They

B♭ (A)

real - ly hep it up in that - a coun - try town. \_\_\_\_\_ Now

F7 (E7)

ev - 'ry - bod - y's start - ing to rock, \_\_\_\_\_ As they



 Cm7 (Bm7)
  F7 (E7)
  Bb (A)

do The Pub with no Beer Rock, And all the stock - men are

 Bb (A)

on the beam, Sold their jeeps — for new

 Bb7 (A7)
  Eb7 (D7)

lim - ou - sines; — A - way from the day stock routes, —

 Eb7 (D7)
  Bb (A)

— They're reel - in' and a - rock - in' in their

 Bb7 (A7)
  F7 (E7)

high - heeled boots; You can't get them back to the stocks -

 F7 (E7)
  Cm7 (Bm7)
  F7 (E7)
  Bb (A)

— from the craz - y Pub with no Beer Rock. 3. So

verses 1 & 2



CODA

verse 3

Rock; Roll and rock, Roll and

rock, As they do the Pub with no Beer Rock, As they

Repeat and fade out

2. There's old Billy with his blacksmith's blues,  
Sick and tired of sayin' "How'd you do!"  
The pub is Bill's retreat,  
And each night he turns up, turned out neat,  
But leaves lookin' like a rag mop  
From the crazy Pub with no Beer Rock.  
And there's the swaggy  
In his blue suede shoes  
A-reelin' and a-rockin',  
Beating time to the blues.  
Oh! he's rockin' with the major doh,  
You aught to see those crew cats  
A-reel and go,  
The chandeliers are likely to drop  
As they do the Pub with no Beer Rock.
3. So if you're ever travellin' around our way,  
Feelin' dry and dusty from the long dry day,  
Come along and take a bow  
At the Pub with no Beer,  
Where the beer flows now,  
And when you're back in town you will stop  
And do the Pub with no Beer Rock.  
So gather up the swaggy  
In the way we do,  
Billy the blacksmith and the stockmen too,  
Come along and drink with me,  
Tonight we're making rock history,  
And may the rhythm never stop  
A-this-a-rollin' Pub with no Beer Rock.

#### CODA

Roll and Rock,  
Roll and rock,  
As they do the  
Pub with no Beer Rock.



## Good Old Santa Claus

No world beater, but I wrote this song when I was spending a lot of time with some very helpful relations in Sydney. So with Christmas on, and young families all 'round me, what else could I do but write, *Good Ol' Santa Claus* etc.

I had a lot of help from "The 'Lations Too".

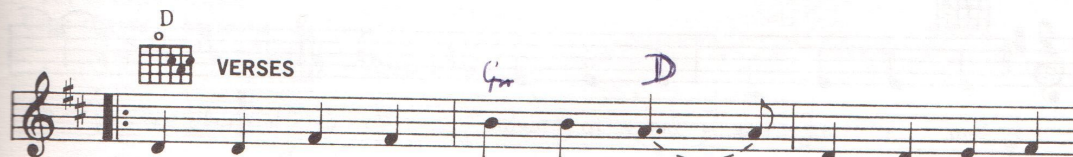
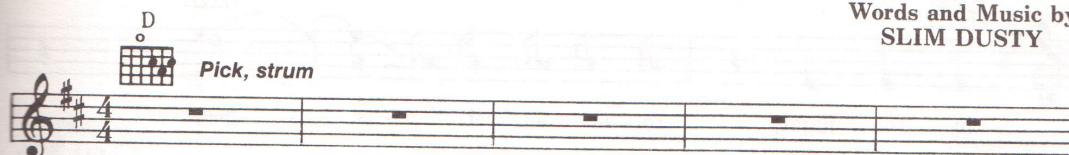




# GOOD OLD SANTA CLAUS

45

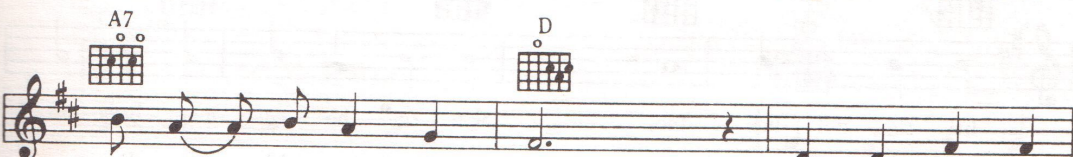
Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY



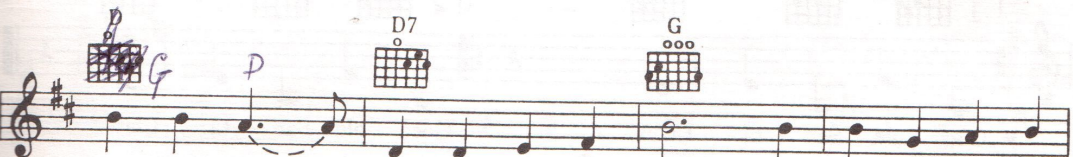
1. Sleep - y heads are tucked in bed, ——— Christ - mas morn is



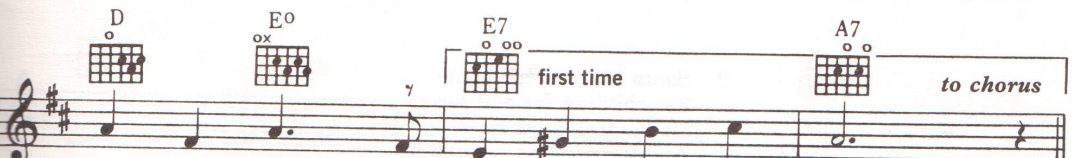
near, Jin - gle, jin - gle ring the sleigh bells,



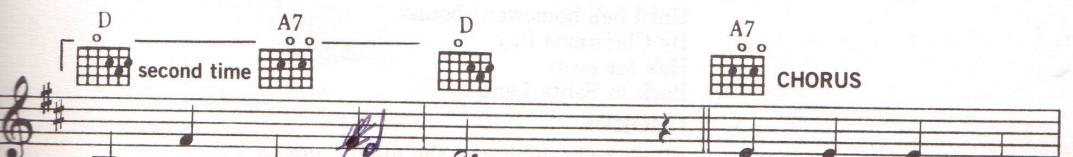
Clip - clop — the big rein - deer. Then a - bove the



chim - ney tops — San - ta comes in view, With lots of toys for



girls and boys, Sur - pris - es old and new.



back in San - ta land. Sleigh bells ring - ing



GOOD OLD SANTA CLAUS

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It includes guitar chord diagrams for A7, D, and G. The lyrics are: in the night, Yo - del - le - del - lay - ee - dee, San - ta trav - 'ling fast to - night, Yo - del - le - del - lay - ee - dee. There'll be lots of prayers for ted - dy bears and lit - tle dol - lies too, San - ta he re - mem - bers all, Good old San - ta Claus! Good old San - ta Claus.

in the night, Yo - del - le - del - lay - ee - dee,

San - ta trav - 'ling fast to - night, Yo - del - le - del - lay - ee -

dee. There'll be lots of prayers for ted - dy bears and

lit - tle dol - lies too, San - ta he re - mem - bers all,

Good old San - ta Claus! Good old San - ta Claus.

2. Santa visits every home  
For children far and near,  
He plans and schemes  
And learns their dreams,  
To bring them lots of cheer.  
All around the Milky Way,  
Until he's homeward bound,  
By Christmas Day  
He's far away,  
Back in Santa Land.

#### CHORUS

Sleigh bells ringing in the night, *etc.*



# ROAD TRAINS

47

Words by  
JOE DALY

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

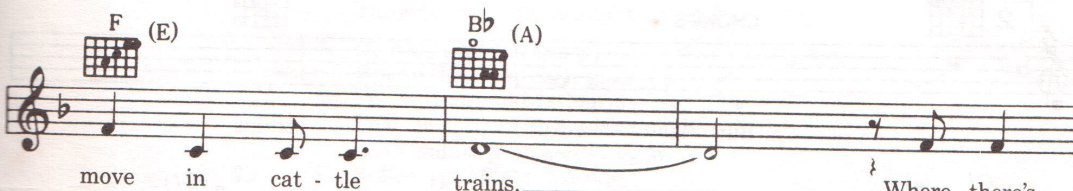
Key F: Capo 1st Fret  
Capo chords in brackets

F (E)

verses 1 - 6



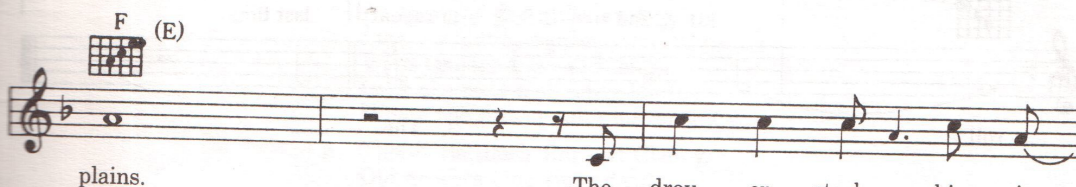
1. The drov - ing treks are o - ver, They



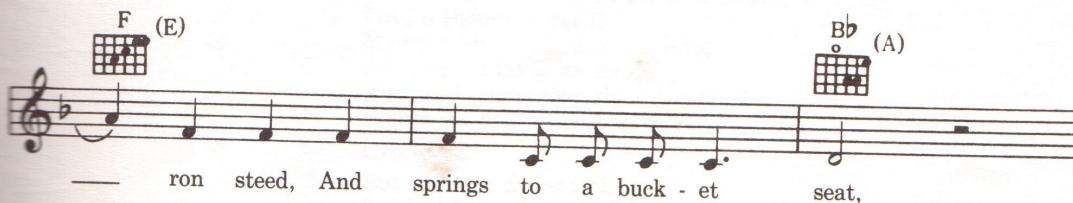
move in cat - tle trains, Where there's



red dust on the ridg - es and black soil on the



plains. The drov - er strokes his i -



— ron steed, And springs to a buck - et seat,



B $\flat$  (A)
 C7 (B7)

He throws the mon - ster in - to gear, — And she

C7 (B7)
 F (E)

1  
moves on rub - bered feet. 2. The

F (E)
 **CHORUS**
 D7 (C $\sharp$ 7)

2  
But it's road trains

G7 (F $\sharp$ 7)
 B $\flat$  (A)
 C7 (B7)

roll, — Road trains —

F (E)

1st & 2nd time D.S.  $\text{with repeat}$  last time

roll. — 3. The —



2. The hobble chains and horse bells  
 Hang silent on the wall,  
 They've been on many stages  
 Through downs and timber tall,  
 Beside the saddles and the packs  
 That were the drover's pride,  
 Road trains roar along the track  
 Where the drovers used to ride.

**CHORUS**

But it's road trains roll,  
 Road trains roll.

3. The stock routes are deserted,  
 No droving plant you see,  
 The bores and tanks they watered at  
 Are just a memory,  
 No more you see the mob strung out  
 Along the sunburnt plain,  
 Where the old time drover battled on  
 Through dust and drought and rain.

4. He sees again in fancy,  
 Beside the campfire's glow,  
 The battered old bedourie  
 That once was filled with dough.  
 With saddle gear and swag wrap  
 Rolled out by the fireside,  
 To drove again would be  
 This old timer's joy and pride.

**CHORUS**

But it's road trains roll,  
 Road trains roll.

5. Road trains roar along the track  
 Where the drover used to ride,  
 Churning up the bull dust  
 As they roll the miles aside;  
 Like a winding reptile  
 With trailers wide and long,  
 Over the road and range-land  
 Where the drover sang his song.
6. There's Saltbush Bill and Clancy,  
 Old drovers long since dead,  
 Who'd marvel to see a fleet of trailers  
 Load a thousand head;  
 Maybe their ghosts are watching  
 As progress takes its stride,  
 And road trains roar along the track  
 Where the drover used to ride.

**CHORUS**

But it's road trains roll,  
 Road trains roll.



# THERE'S A RAINBOW ROUND MY MEMORIES

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**E**  
Pick, strum

Oh there's a

**E** **F#7**  
**CHORUS**

rain - bow round my mem - 'ries, Sweet

**B7** **E**

mem - 'ries dear, of you, When my dreams move on, —

**E** **F#7** **B7**

— Then the clouds drift a - long, — And my rain - bow

**B7** **E**

fades from view. —

**E** **F#7** **B7**

**VERSES**

spring - time of my heart, dear, All the sun - shine

1. You were the  
2. When that



came with you, ——— Oh, we shared such joy, ——— for a

girl and a boy, ——— As we loved ——— the

sum - mer through. ———

Oh there's a  
3. When my sad  
view. ———

Chord diagrams: B7, E, F#7, B7, E.

2nd time D.S. al

Last time D.S. al

**CHORUS**

Oh there's a rainbow round my memories, *etc.*

2. When that big bright moon comes sailin'  
O'er the homestead on the rise,  
All the songs we knew  
That are sung with you  
Come drifting back when the night winds sigh.
3. When my sad winter days are over  
And the clover blooms again,  
I'll be hoping to hear some word from you  
To know you're comin' home again.

**CHORUS**

Oh there's a rainbow round my memories, *etc.*



# WHY WORRY NOW

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**D**  *Pick, strum* **A7**  **VERSES**

1. I real - ly

**D**  **A7** 

don't know the cause of our part - ing, For

**A7**  **D**  **A9**

throw - ing a - side ev - 'ry vow, That turned my

**D**  **G**  **D°** 

sun - shine, my dar - ling, to shad - ows, But it's all

**D**  **Em**  **D**  **A7**  **D** 

o - ver, So why wor - ry now.

**D**  **A7**  **D**  **D°** 

**CHORUS**

Oh, you left me all a - lone, You bust - ed up my.



home, I've left my friends to wan - der and for - ev - er I will

roam. But it's too late to turn a - round, lit - tle

dar - ling, say "good - bye," dar - ling, why wor - ry

now. first time D.S. with repeat last time now.

2. Then you returned and we started a-new dear,  
But failure was waiting and how!  
And this old heart was broken all over,  
But I don't cry darling,  
Why worry now.

#### CHORUS

Oh, you left me all alone, *etc.*

3. I'm free and easy from now on, my darling,  
And life's a game of chance anyhow,  
And if you lose there's no use in complaining,  
It's all over so why worry now.
4. Maybe someday I will still find another  
For one never knows anyhow,  
I will go my way and let time plan the future,  
So it's "goodbye" darling why worry now.

#### CHORUS

Oh, you left me all alone, *etc.*



## Sweeney

These words are by the Old Master himself — I'm sure this story comes from a true happening along the track. Lawson's words in this kind of poem seem to me "To Sing".

Some of the most pleasant and satisfying times for me have been when working on Lawson's stories. There was ever only one Henry Lawson and I'm sure he met *Sweeney*.





# SWEENEY

55

Words by  
HENRY LAWSON

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

Key  $E\flat$ : Capo 1st Fret  
Capo chords in brackets  
verses 1, 2 & 4

$E\flat$  (D)  $B\flat 7$  (A7)

1. It was some - where in Sep - tem - ber and the sun was go - in'

$B\flat 7$  (A7)

down, When I came in search of cop - y to a

$B\flat 7$  (A7)  $E\flat$  (D)

Dar - ling Riv - er town. "Come An' Have a Drink" we'll

$E\flat$  (D)  $B\flat 7$  (A7)

call it, 'Tis a fit - ting name I think, And 'twas

$B\flat 7$  (A7)  $E\flat$  (D)

rain - ing for a won - der, Up at "Come An' Have a Drink".

$E\flat$  (D)  $A\flat$  (G)

Un - der - neath the pub ve - ran - dah, I was



rest - ing on a bunk, When a strang - er rose be -

Chords:  $A\flat$  (G),  $E\flat$  (D), F7 (E7)

fore me, And he said that he was drunk.

Chords: F7 (E7),  $B\flat 7$  (A7)

He a - pol - o - gised for speak - ing, there was

Chords:  $B\flat 7$  (A7),  $E\flat$  (D)

no of - fence, he swore, But he some - how seemed to

Chords:  $B\flat 7$  (A7)

fan - cy that he'd seen my face be - fore. 2. He a -

Chords:  $B\flat 7$  (A7),  $E\flat$  (D)

*Last time to Coda*

dirt. 3. He was born in Par - ra - mat - ta, And he

Chords:  $E\flat$  (D)

verse 3

said with hu - mour grim. That he'd like to see the

Chords:  $B\flat 7$  (A7)



B♭7 (A7) Eb (D)

cit - y 'ere the liq - our fin - ished him. But he

E♭ (D) B♭7 (A7)

could - n't raise the mon - ey, He was darned if he could

B♭7 (A7)

think, What the Gov - ern - ment was do - ing, AS he

B♭7 (A7) Eb (D) D.S. al Coda, then Coda

of - fered me a drink. 4. I de -

CODA Eb (D)

rain. And of af - ter - noons in

E♭ (D) B♭7 (A7)

cit - ies when the rain is on the land, Vi - sions come to me of

B♭7 (A7) Eb (D) A♭ (G) Eb (D)

Sween - ey, With his bot - tle in his hand.



2. He agreed you can't remember  
 All the chaps you chance to meet,  
 And he said his name was Sweeney,  
 People lived in Sussex Street.  
 He was camping in a stable,  
 But he swore that he was right,  
 Only for the blanky horses  
 Walking over him all night.  
 He'd apparently been fighting,  
 For his face was black and blue,  
 And it looked as though the horses  
 Had been treading on him too.  
 But an honest genial twinkle  
 In the eye that wasn't hurt,  
 Seemed to hint of something better,  
 'Spite of drink and rags and dirt.
3. He was born in Parramatta, *etc.*
4. I declined with self denial  
 And I lectured him on booze,  
 Using all the hackneyed arguments  
 That preachers mostly use.  
 Things I'd heard in temp'rance lectures,  
 I was young and rather green,  
 And I ended by referring  
 To the man he might have been.  
 But he couldn't stay to argue  
 For his beer was nearly gone,  
 He was glad, he said, to meet me  
 And he'd see me later on.  
 But he guessed he'd have to go  
 And get his bottle filled again,  
 And he gave a lurch and vanished  
 In the darkness and the rain.

#### CODA

And of afternoons in cities  
 When the rain is on the land,  
 Visions come to me of Sweeney  
 With his bottle in his hand.



# IF THOSE LIPS COULD ONLY SPEAK

59

Words by  
RIDGEWELL

Music by  
W. GOODWIN

Introductory Fiddle part with chords D, A7, and D.

VERSE 1

1. He stood in a beau - ti - ful man - sion

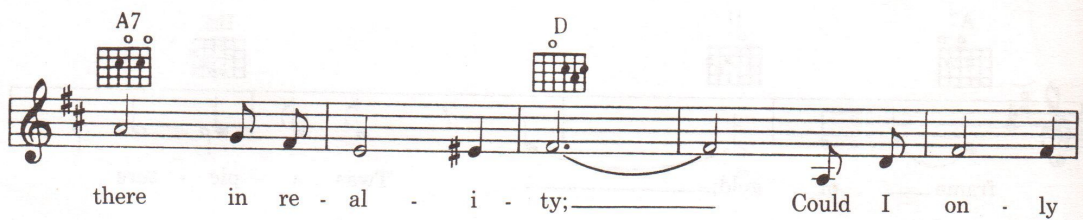
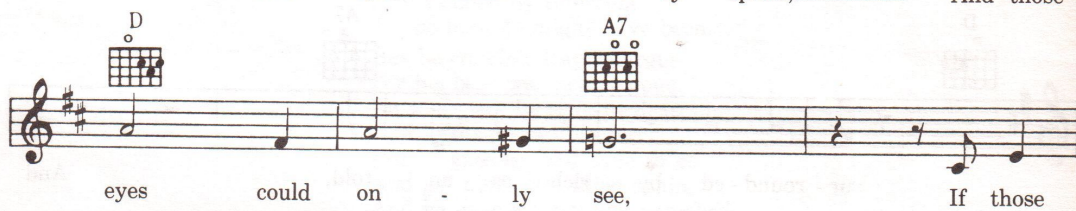
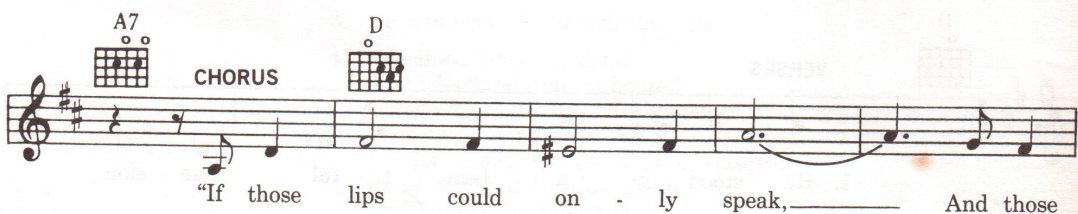
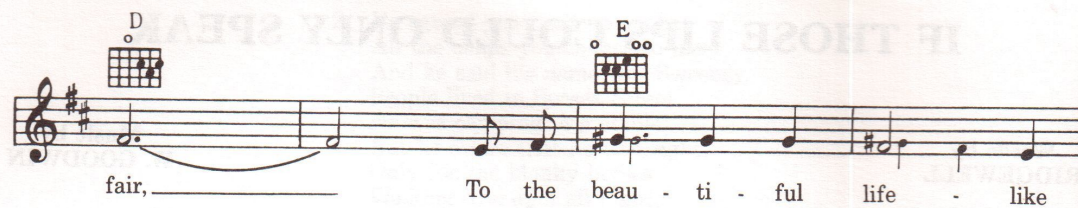
sur - round - ed by rich - es un - told, And

gazed at a beau - ti - ful pic - ture that hung in a

frame of gold; 'Twas a pic - ture

of a la - dy, So beau - ti - ful, young and







take your hand, As you did when you took my

name, But it's on - ly a beau - ti - ful

pic - ture in a beau - ti - ful gold - en

frame." frame."

2. He sat there and gazed at the painting,  
 Then slumbered forgetting all pain,  
 And there in that mansion in fancy  
 She stood by his side again.  
 Then his lips, they softly murmured  
 The name of his once sweet bride,  
 With his eyes fixed on the picture  
 He woke from his dream and cried.

#### CHORUS

"If those lips could only speak," etc.



# WEDDING BELL BLUES

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**Intro: Acoustic guitar**

**C**  
 (Pick, strum)

**C**  


1. Oh, I've just learned a les - son that I

**C**  


won't for - get, — This wed - ding knot is like a rope a -

**G7**  
 **C**  


round my neck; — I'm sor - ry that I ev - er met a

**F**  
 **G7**  


girl — un - true, — I'm walk - in' and a - talk - in' with my

**G7**  
 **C**  
 verses 1 - 5 **C**  
 last verse

wed - ding bell blues. blues.



2. The fellas tried to warn me  
She was dynamite,  
I'm realizin' now that my mates were right;  
I should have steadied up  
When the lights showed red,  
But like a drunken driver  
I went surgin' ahead.
3. Oh, I've just learned a lesson  
That I won't forget,  
This wedding knot is like a rope  
Around my neck;  
I'm sorry that I ever met a girl untrue,  
I'm walkin' and a-talkin'  
With my wedding bell blues.
4. Oh, I married her on Thursday  
When I had my pay,  
We busted up and parted  
On the very next day;  
She looked at me so sweetly  
From beneath her furs,  
I signed away my house and my car to her.
5. But now she's far away,  
I'm with the boys again,  
I'm movin' round the town,  
I'm wonderin' why and when;  
I'm laughin' to myself  
Oh, what a shock she'll get,  
When she knows my house and car  
Are both deep in debt.
6. Then she will learn a lesson  
That she won't forget,  
This wedding knot will be a rope around her neck;  
And she'll be sorry  
That she every met me too,  
She'll be walkin' and a-talkin'  
With her wedding bell blues.



# ROARING WHEELS

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

verses 1 - 5

1. Wait - ing for that loud whis - tle shrill \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ and the black smoke on the hill, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ When that old black train rolls a - long a -

gain, \_\_\_\_\_ Steam - ing for the great up - hill,

I've got my blan - kets rolled for the way, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ And my old gui - tar to play. 2. You bust - ed  
4. So roll a -

2 YODEL

Oh de lay - ee dee dee dee, Oh de



lay - ee dee dee dee, Oh de lay - ee

dee dee dee dee dee, Oh de lay - ee dee dee

dee. \_\_\_\_\_

FINE

1st time  
D.S. with repeat

3. When you're  
5. Through my

2nd time D.S. without repeat al fine

2. You busted all my dreams, don't you know,  
I feel that it's time to go,  
'Cause there's someone new  
Waiting round for you,  
And I'm all alone with dreams of long ago,  
But I'll be free again when I feel  
The surge of the roaring wheels.

#### Yodel

3. When you're strollin' down Lovers' Lane  
You may see this old freight train  
Taking me away to a brighter day,  
Where my heart can sing a lighter strain,  
I'll grab my old guitar when I feel  
The song of the roaring wheels.
4. So roll along timber train, roll along,  
Let me thrill to your roaring song  
Through the mountains grand  
Where the tall timbers stand,  
And the river down below is wide and long,  
I'm sorry, darlin', that's all I can say,  
But it's just gotta end this way.

#### Yodel

5. Through my window the timber goes by  
And the mountain moon rides high,  
Kinda makes you sad  
For the things you had,  
That's now left in the by and by,  
I'll keep a-moving on 'til I feel  
As free as the roaring wheels.

#### Yodel



# SUN VALLEY ROSE

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

1. The peace - ful old moon way up yon - der —

— beams down on the hills that I love, — And

bids me to tell you a sto - ry — of a girl now in

heav - en a - bove. — We ram - bled through child - hood to -

geth - er, — Shared all our laugh - ter and tears, —



G7 C A7 Dm

Nev - er dream - ing that time in its pass - ing would

G7 C

bring us such heart - brok - en years. 2. My

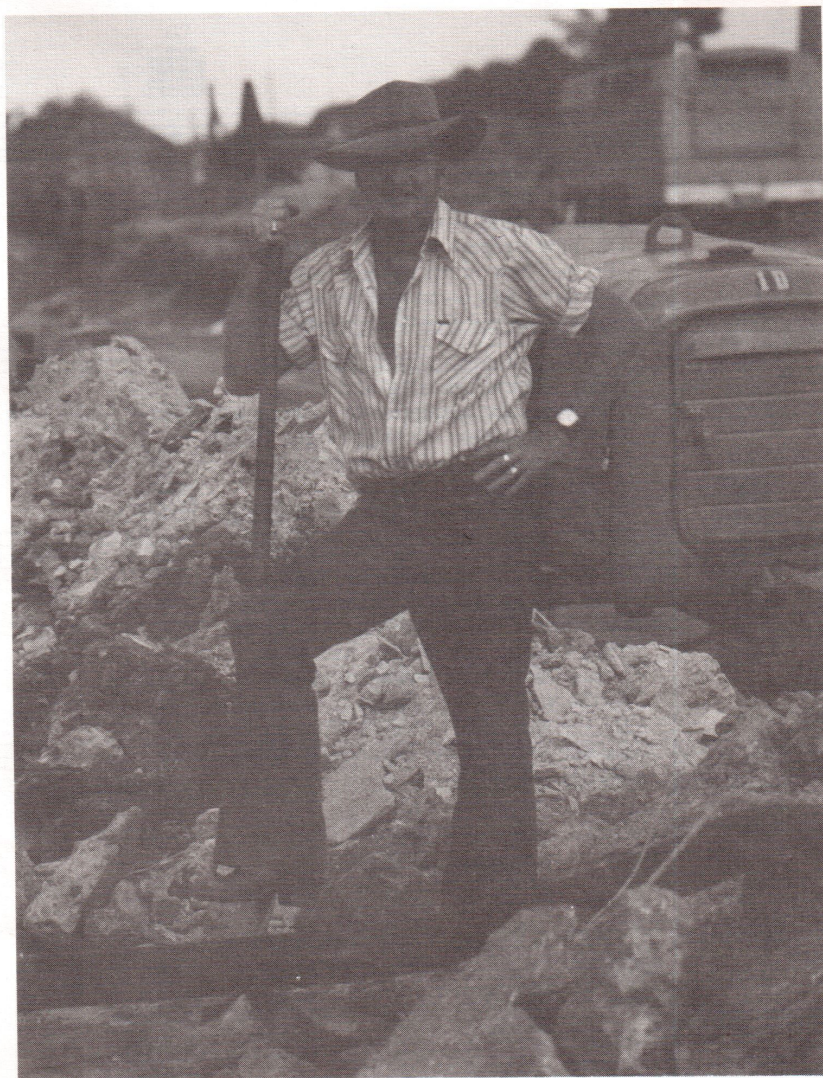
verses 1 - 3 last verse

2. My ways to my darling grew careless,  
It seems that youth will never learn,  
'Til one day we quarrelled and parted,  
I said I would never return.  
Oh, how I regret that sad parting,  
Oh, just how much nobody knows,  
The day I left home and wandered  
Away from my Sun Valley Rose.
3. Two long weary years in the saddle,  
Away from my darling and home,  
Two years for memories to haunt me  
Of the happiness we might have known.  
Then one night as I lay a-dreaming  
A vision of home I did see,  
My darling was true and still waiting  
With a heart full of welcome for me.
4. The plans that I made were many,  
Next day on the long homeward ride,  
Such sadness was waiting to greet me,  
They told me my darling had died.  
I stand with head bowed in silence  
In the valley where sweet flowers grow,  
By the side of my heart-broken darling,  
By the grave of my Sun Valley Rose.



## The Rain Still Tumbles Down

I still say my favorite song, (one that I've written anyway) is *When The Rain Tumbles Down In July* recorded 1946. Many years later I wrote this sort of follow-on song. It seemed a good idea at the time, but I'm not so sure now. I've written better.

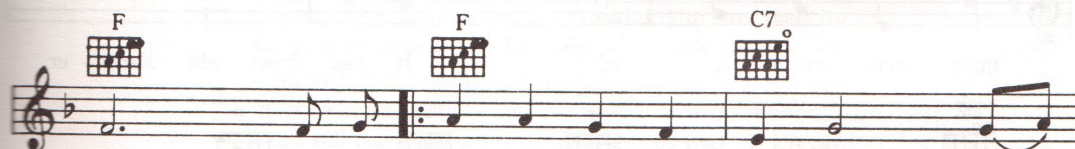




# THE RAIN STILL TUMBLES DOWN

69

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY



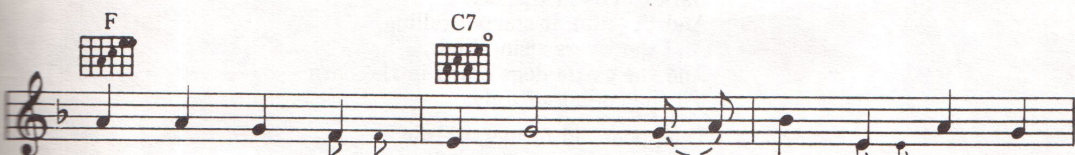
1. It was back in for - ty - sev - en, Oh, —



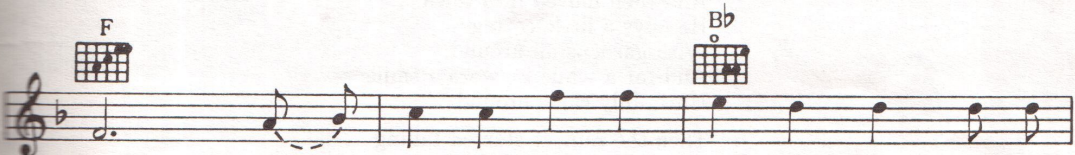
how the time does fly, When I sang that song a -



bout the rain that tum - bles down in Ju - ly; Ev - er



since I made that re - cord, And it start - ed spin - ning



round, There's been noth - ing else but rag - ing floods, As the



rain keeps tum - bling down. 2. There's — get.



70

CODA

Now to - day I gets a let - ter, And the

lines were wrote in red, It was from old Farm - er

Wil - son, — But I can't say what he said.

F

C7

C7

F

Bb

F

C7

F

2. There's poor old farmer Wilson,  
With hair all silver grey,  
He cursed that song as he rode along,  
The damage to survey.  
But the sun came out in August,  
And the grass again did grow,  
And for a while he wore a smile  
As the westerly winds did blow.
3. When June came round next winter  
He looked up at the sky,  
And the air went blue as there came in view  
Dark clouds in the sky.  
And the rain, it started falling,  
And the rivers rising high,  
And the cattle dogs crawl in the barn  
Til the ending of July.
4. Then poor old farmer Wilson  
Goes mad a-tearing round,  
He sold his station for a song  
And then moved into town.  
He buys a little cottage  
With gardens all around,  
And for a while he wore a smile  
Until July came around.
5. Then the rain, it started falling  
And the winter skies were grey,  
And they had to move again, you see,  
For the town got washed away.  
So they're heading back for the mountains  
That rise in the great nor'west,  
In those far off distant ranges,  
As high as he can get.

#### CODA

Now today I gets a letter,  
And the lines were wrote in red,  
It was from Farmer Wilson,  
But I can't say what he said.



## When The Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear

There's not a lot to say about this old time love song from overseas. But as I mentioned in my book, *Walk A Country Mile*, Dad seemed in a great hurry in later years for me to learn as many of his songs as possible. I know why now, we lost him suddenly in 1945. I only wish we could have had tape recorders then. Anyway I have one in my memory... I can still hear him, with one hand cupped over his left ear, singing, *When The Harvest Days Are Over*.





# WHEN THE HARVEST DAYS ARE OVER, JESSIE DEAR

Words and Music by  
HARRY GRAHAM &  
HARRY von TILZER

**VERSES**

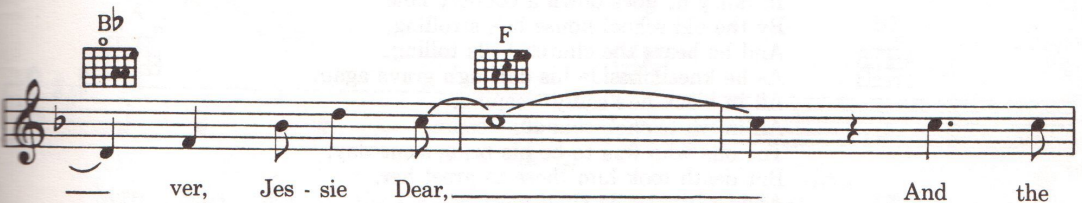
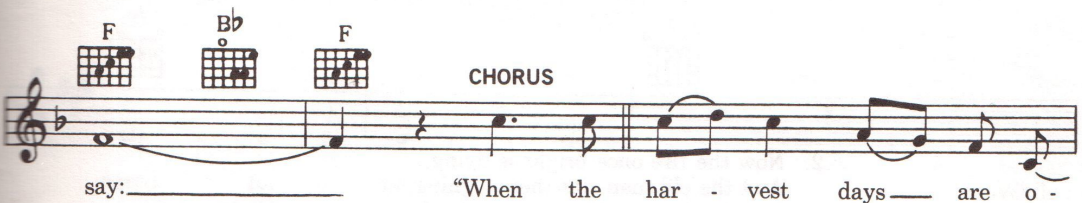
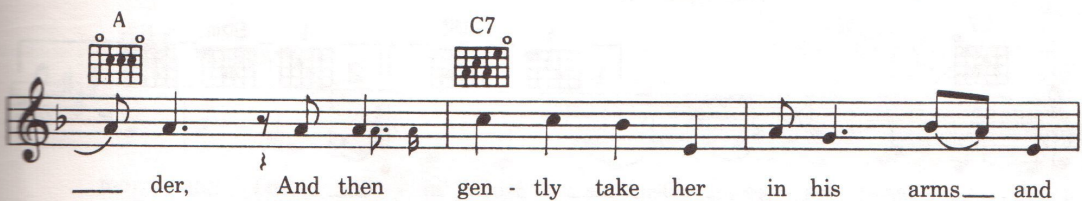
1. By a fire - side bright and cheer - ful sits an  
old man sad and tear - ful, — think - ing of the  
days of long a - go, — And in fan -  
— cy he is roam - ing with his sweet - heart in the gloam -  
— ing, When he spoke those words that set her cheeks — a glow.  
— By the brook — down in the

**Guitar Chords:** F, C7, F, C7, G, C7, C7, F, C7, A7, C7, F, Bb, F, C7, G.

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2. Now the fire once bright is dying,  
 And the old man sits there sighing,  
 In fancy he goes down a country lane,  
 By the old school house he's strolling,  
 And he hears the church bells tolling,  
 As he kneels beside his darling's grave again.  
 All in black he's sadly weeping,  
 All in white she's soundly sleeping,  
 The one who was to be his bride some day;  
 But death took him there to greet her,  
 And in heaven he shall meet her,  
 Like the fire in the grate  
 He passed away.

#### CHORUS

"When the harvest days are over, Jessie Dear," etc.



# WILD RUGGED LAND THAT I LOVE

75

Words by  
STAN COSTER

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**A**  
Intro: Bush ballad guitar  
Pick, strum

**A**

1. Each

**A** VERSES

morn - ing I'm wak - in' just as the dawn's — break - in', Pre -

**A** **E**

pared for a new day of toil; While

**A** **D** **B7**

horse bells are tin - gling and hob - ble chains jin - gling, I

**E** **A**

sing while the old — bil - ly — boils.



**CHORUS**

I've got my stock horse, My whip and my dogs, And I

camp 'neath the stars — a - bove; 'Tis a

life I was born to and here I be - long, — In a

wild rug - ged land that I — love.

**YODEL**

Hi la ee oh la ee, — Oh

la ee — dee ee de dee, —

*Last time to Coda* 3rd time D.S. al Coda then Coda



Hi lee ee oh la ee \_\_\_ dee, Oh

la ee \_\_\_ dee oh la ee. \_\_\_

**CODA** In a wild rug - ged \_\_\_ land that I \_\_\_ love. \_\_\_

2. With nature around me  
I check on the boundary  
Or muster the strays from the range;  
I've never repented,  
But I'm free and contented,  
From this life I never would change.

#### CHORUS

I've got my stock horse, *etc.*

#### Yodel

3. I've listened to fellers,  
Some great story tellers,  
From cities and towns by the sea;  
Where bright lights are gleamin',  
But I can't help dreamin'  
Of my camp 'neath the coolibah trees.

#### CHORUS

I've got my stock horse, *etc.*

4. Some evenings while gazin'  
At the campfire blazin'  
My mind goes back through the years,  
To a man and his young bride,  
A prayer by her graveside,  
And a headstone all stained with his tears.

#### CHORUS

I've got my stock horse, *etc.*



# THE BUSHMAN'S SONG

Words by  
STAN COSTER

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**Intro:**  
Electric guitar

**VERSES**

1. The wise old moon is  
beam - ing on the cat - tle — camp to - night, A  
lone cur - lew is screech - ing up - on its lone - some flight. —  
A - gainst the skies so state - ly the Car -  
nar - von Rang - es loom, A gen - tle breeze is  
drift - ing with the scent of gid - gee bloom. —

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is accompanied by guitar chords indicated by letter diagrams above the staff. The score includes an instrumental introduction, a verse, and a chorus. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The chords used are C, G, D, A7, and D.



**CHORUS**

How I love my free - dom, All the world is mine, —

Dear old Moth - er Na - ture is a - round me all the time. —

Let me keep my free - dom, That is my on - ly

plea, The bush - land with its se - crets is next - of - kin to

me. —

me. —

last time

me. —

D.S.  $\text{al} \text{ } \phi - \phi$

2. While I'm taking nightwatch  
 I sing to the camping herd,  
 Saddle leathers creaking  
 In rhythm to each word.  
 The old night horse is restless,  
 How he loves a wild stampede,  
 Racing through the mulga  
 To turn the reckless lead.

**CHORUS (twice)**

How I love my freedom, etc.



# MY OLD AUSSIE HOMESTEAD

Words and Music by  
SHORTY RANGER

1. You've all \_\_\_\_\_ heard a - bout \_\_\_\_\_ sun - ny \_\_\_\_\_ Queens - land,

A won - der - ful place I am sure, Where the

cane - fields, the moun - tains, the riv - ers, \_\_\_\_\_ And the

is - lands just out from the shore. \_\_\_\_\_ They

tell of Tas - ma - ni - a's beau - ty And Vic -



WHERE THE GOLDEN SILTBALLS ARE DOWN

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff has a C major chord diagram above the first measure and an F major chord diagram above the fifth measure. The lyrics are 'to - ri - a's sights nev - er fail, But'. The second staff has an F major chord diagram above the first measure, a C major chord diagram above the fourth measure, and a G7 chord diagram above the seventh measure. The lyrics are 'my song is set in the moun - tains of North - ern'. The third staff has a G7 chord diagram above the first measure, a C major chord diagram above the second measure, and a C major chord diagram above the fourth measure. The lyrics are 'New South Wales. long.' There are two repeat signs: one for 'verses 1 - 3' and one for 'last verse'.

to - ri - a's sights nev - er fail, But

my song is set in the moun - tains of North - ern

New South Wales. long.

verses 1 - 3

last verse

2. I'm far from the cry of the city,  
Far from the mad traffic roar,  
Where the scent of the bush all around me  
Is a-coming right in my front door.  
There's a rainbow on Sugarloaf Mountain  
After the showers are gone,  
Here at my old Aussie homestead  
It's here, boy, I say I belong.
3. The wild pigeon flies to the cedar  
And the Bowerbirds makin' their way,  
The laugh of the old kookaburra  
Is a greeting in the new day.  
The sun rises over the mountain  
Out where the wallaby bounds,  
Here at my old Aussie homestead,  
Just miles and miles from town.
4. I'm far from the cry of the city,  
Far from the mad traffic roar,  
Where the scent of the bush is all around me,  
Is a-coming right in my front door.  
There's a rainbow on Sugarloaf Mountain  
After the showers are gone,  
Here at my old Aussie homestead  
It's here, boy, I say I belong.

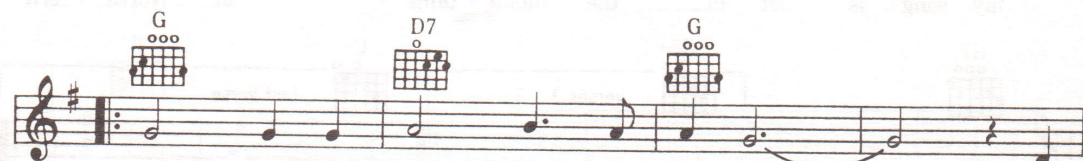


# WHERE THE GOLDEN SLIPRAILS ARE DOWN

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY



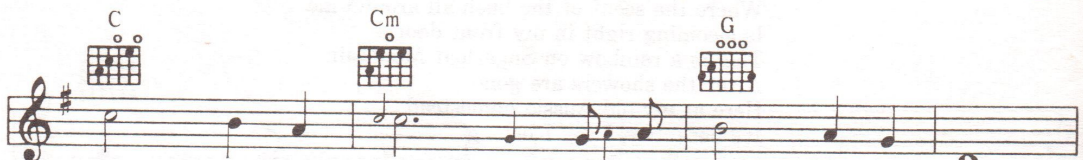
1. Let's



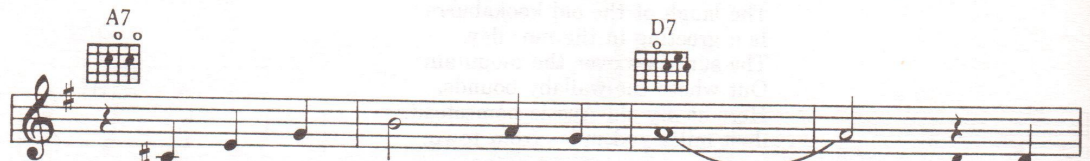
walk down that long road to - geth - er, \_\_\_\_\_ The



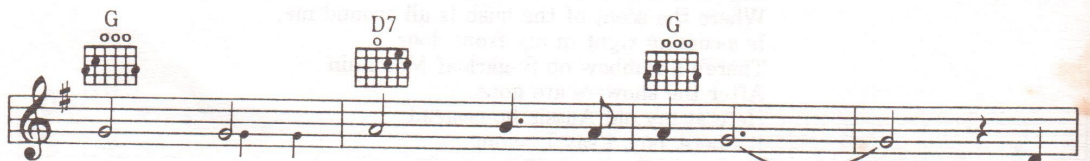
road that we know as life's span, \_\_\_\_\_ If



you'll be my wife 'til the end of my life,



I'll be your true lov - in' man. \_\_\_\_\_ We'll



take each steep grade to - geth - er, \_\_\_\_\_ Let



show - ers of strife tum - ble down, We'll

share ev - 'ry bend 'til we find in the end where the

Gold - en Slip - rails are down. 2. Let's

last verse

2. Let's walk down that long road together,  
 'Til life's long journey is done,  
 Our thoughts straight ahead  
 Like the great Saviour said,  
 We'll find his home one by one.  
 In the glory of his tender blessing,  
 Eternal love will abound,  
 No gates will be closed  
 In that heavenly abode  
 Where the Golden Sliprails are down.
3. Let's walk down that long road together,  
 The light from our love  
 Will show the way,  
 Your sweet tender smile  
 Will lighten each mile,  
 And roll the dark clouds away.  
 So come let us walk to the altar,  
 Our lives forever be bound,  
 Then we'll go as one  
 Toward the setting sun  
 Where the Golden Sliprails are down.



## The Isa Rodeo

We have had a lot of good times at the Isa.

When our show used to do the round Australia tours, places like Darwin, The Alice and Mt Isa were real oasis in the desert.

Showing for a week or two in the one place was a real treat, giving us time to clean up and repair the gear.

I hope we can return many times in the future years, to the old "Mt Isa Rodeo".



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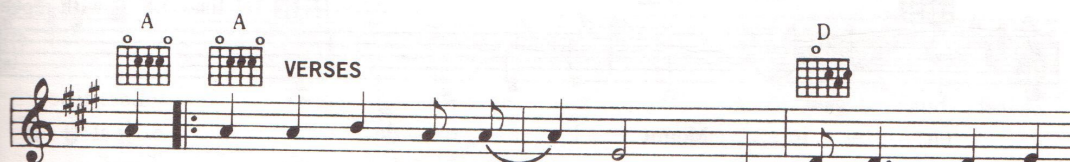
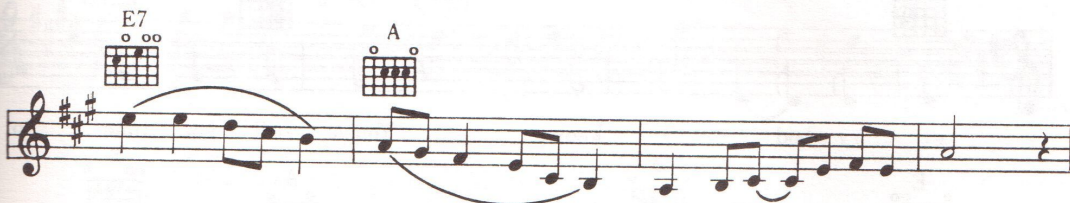
# THE ISA RODEO

85

Words by  
STAN COSTER

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

Intro: Electric guitar



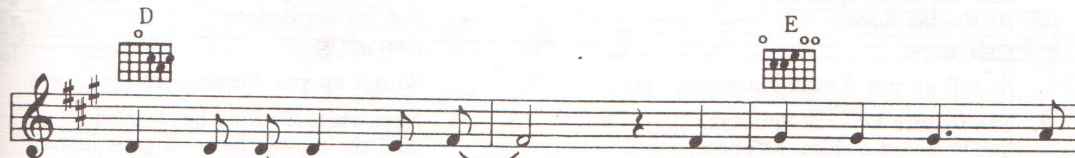
1. Roll up you Aus - sie horse - men, A chal - lenge has been



thrown, Don't let it go un - no - ticed, Rough rid - ing's in your



bones. So pass a - long the grape - vine, Let



ev - 'ry - bod - y know, — You've still got time to



en - ter in — Mount I - sa's ro - de - o.

2. They've



2nd & 4th time

**CHORUS**

So roll up you Aus - sie horse - men, Let

ev - 'ry - bod - y know, You've still got time to

en - ter in — Mount I - sa's ro - de - o. 1st time D.S.  $\frac{3}{4}$  with repeat

Last time  
D.S.  $\frac{3}{4}$  al  $\phi - \phi$

To the I - sa ro - de - o.

2. They've combed the North West stations  
And brought the outlaws in,  
They're lively and they'll make you earn  
The prizes that you win.  
The brumbies from the North lands  
Are yarded up to go,  
And throw an open challenge  
At the Isa Rodeo.

**CHORUS**

So roll up you Aussie horsemen, *etc.*

3. The feature horse is Spinifex,  
You've heard of him, I s'ppose,  
His reputation's deadly  
As everybody knows.  
So come on you bow-legged stockmen,  
This challenge has to go,  
To anyone from anywhere  
At the Isa Rodeo.

4. The town is decked out gayly  
And flags are flying high,  
There's country music playing  
Beneath that friendly sky.  
Rough riders roll in daily  
And set the town a-glow,  
And the big parade's all ready  
For the Isa Rodeo.

**CHORUS**

So roll up you Aussie horsemen, *etc.*

5. Now when the dust has settled  
And the crowds have all gone home,  
It's kind of sad to wander through  
The rodeo grounds alone.  
But we will all remember  
This year was a mighty show,  
And the folks are coming back again  
To the Isa Rodeo,  
To the Isa Rodeo.



# A CERTAIN KIND OF GOLD

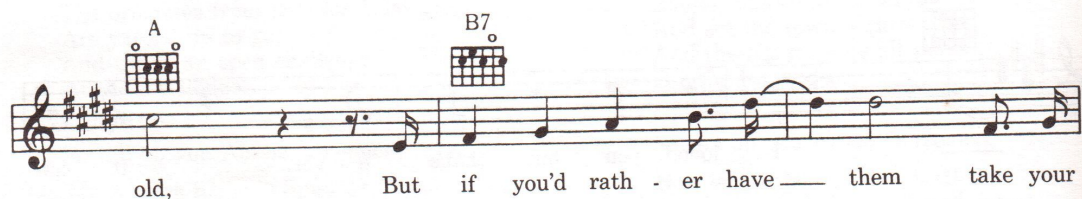
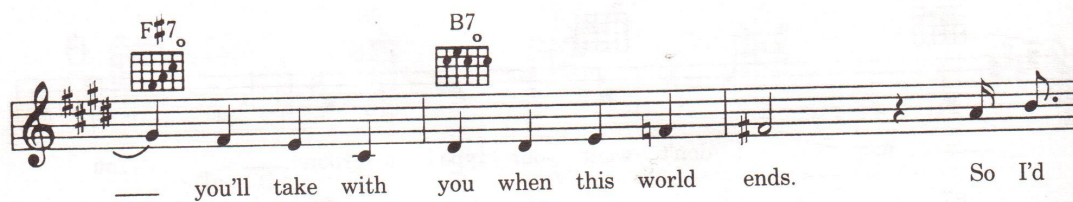
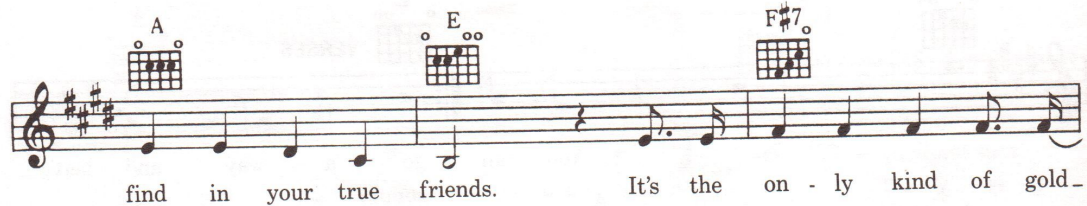
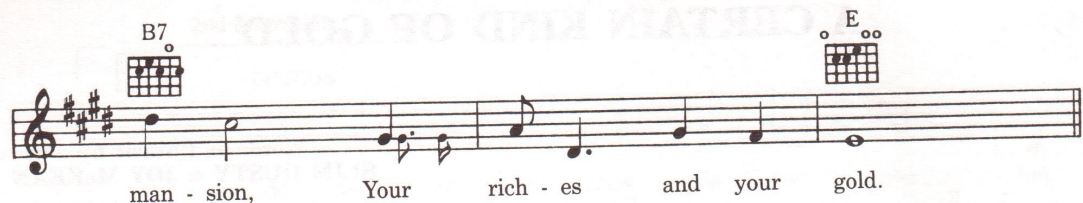
87

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY & JOY McKEAN

The musical score is written on a single staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It includes guitar chords indicated by diagrams above the staff: E major, B7, and A major. The lyrics are as follows:

1. You can go a - way and leave -  
me, I don't want your type a - round, — You  
scheme al - ways for mon - ey and you twist my friends a - round.  
I loved you but that's o - ver, It can  
nev - er be re - told, Go and seek your gild - ed







rich - es and your gold. 2. I don't

But if you'd rath - er have — them take your

rich - es and your gold.

2. I don't want your kind of living  
 That you're living everyday,  
 I don't want a heartless mansion  
 When our hair is turning grey.  
 I'll keep true friends around me  
 And be part of that fold,  
 And I'll have my kind of mansion  
 And a certain kind of gold.

#### CHORUS

For there's a certain kind of gold, *etc.*



# FAIR ENOUGH

Words by  
JOE DALY

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**Intro: Guitar**

B7

E

B7

1. Give me the good old ring - ers meal of

E

B7

damp - er, beef and spuds, And let me sleep on the

B7

E

gid - gee stones in my sad - dle worn mole - skin duds.

E

Give me a quart of strong black tea and a wedge of sod - dy

A

B7

A7

B7

duck, A pound of weed and a sco - bie whip, And I'll

B7

E

verses 1 - 5

E

last verse

think that's fair e - nough. 2. Oh nough.



2. Oh let me take a turn once more  
In the stockyard with a colt,  
Or twist a greenheart bronco rope,  
And you will find I'm worth my salt.  
Call me for the midnight watch  
On a horse that knows his stuff,  
And if they jump I'll feel at home,  
And I'll think that's fair enough.
3. Let me see the dust clouds fly  
Before the storm erupts,  
And see those rolling sandhills rise  
Where the dingo hides her pups.  
The land where pelican gorges fish  
And scrub bull calls your bluff,  
And the battle of rival brumby bucks  
Is a sight that's fair enough.
4. Give me the reins of a four-in-hand  
To replace the wrench and spanner,  
And let those horses make the pace  
In the land of the sand goanna.  
Or take me back to an open camp  
Where the mickies play up rough,  
And I'll sing at night in the fire light,  
And to me that's fair enough.
5. Oh, let me drink from a water hole,  
No reflections here on Crumbie,  
And listen to the curlews call  
The dingo and the brumby.  
And when my time is drawing near  
And I feel I've had enough,  
Oh, I'll die with memories of the bush,  
And to me that's fair enough.
6. Give me the good old ringer's meal  
Of damper beef and spuds,  
And let me sleep on the gidgee stones  
In my saddle worn moleskin duds.  
Give me a quart of strong black tea  
And a wedge of soddy duck,  
A pound of wheat and a scobie whip,  
And I think that's fair enough.



## Answer To The Silvery Moonlight Trail

Wilf Carter, the great Canadian singer of the early days, was always a great favorite of mine. I like his story-like songs about cowboy life on the prairie, and his approach to life in general. *The Silvery Moonlight Trail* was a typical cowboy love song of this era, so here is a young Australian singer's answer . . .

I must have been so full of dreams in those days.





# ANSWER TO THE SILVERY MOONLIGHT TRAIL

93

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

1. I'm sure you all re - mem - ber \_\_\_\_\_

a song \_\_\_\_\_ of yes - ter - day, \_\_\_\_\_ T'was

wide - ly known through - out each \_\_\_\_\_ home on man - y \_\_\_\_\_ an

out - back way; \_\_\_\_\_ T'was sung by one whose

name and fame for years yet shall pre - vail, \_\_\_\_\_

And now here is my an - swer \_\_\_\_\_ to the

Sil - v'ry Moon - light Trail. \_\_\_\_\_

2. Our \_\_\_\_\_ The

verses 1 - 4 | verse 5



The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a C major chord diagram and the word 'CODA'. The lyrics 'old moon smiles up yon - der,' are written below the staff. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'He al - so knows the tale,'. Above this staff are E7, Am, E7, and Am chord diagrams. The third staff concludes the piece with the lyrics 'And so we steal in si - lence' and 'from the Sil - v'ry Moon - light Trail.' above it are C, G7, and C chord diagrams.

2. Our thoughts fly out o'er the ocean  
To Canada far away,  
We gaze upon a ranch house  
Where the range-land cattle stray;  
We see a fair young woman,  
A baby on her knee,  
The cowboy that she honours  
Stands guard across the sea.
3. That day there came a letter  
From the cowboy o'er the foam,  
He'd soon come home to see them,  
And never more would he roam.  
A smile caressed her dear face,  
A teardrop blurred each line,  
As finally at the bottom  
These words she did find:

4. How is my little darlin',  
My bonny baby boy,  
Although I've never seen you  
You fill your dad's heart with joy.  
Take care of darling mother,  
And wait just for the time  
When we'll have fun together  
On the range at round-up time.
5. The teardrops came unbidden  
Into her loving eyes,  
The moon rose in his splendour  
Into the great Prairie skies.  
She gazed upon her baby  
Asleep now in her arms,  
And thanked God for his mercy  
And for that bundle of charms.

#### CODA

The old moon smiles up yonder,  
 He also knows the tale,  
 And so we steal in silence  
 From the Silvery Moonlight Trail.



# ARCADIA VALLEY

95

Words and Music by  
WAVE JACKSON

**verse 1**

1. Ar - ca - di - a sta - tion has been  
cut in - to small - er blocks, New homes have been built up -  
on the un - tamed land; And the graz - iers  
now breed the best of sta - tion stock,  
In the beau - ti - ful val - ley in the Car - nar - von land.

**verses 2-6**

2. Where the wild scrub bulls with their mobs of

The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The score includes a prelude, a first verse, and a second verse. Chords are indicated by letters (D, A7, G, E7) and diagrams showing fingerings on the guitar fretboard. The lyrics are written below the musical staff, with some words split across lines. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



clean - skins would march in - to wa - ter

just on sun - down, Then they ate the grass

a - long the o - pen val - ley, But at the

crack of dawn they were back in their hid - ing ground.

**CHORUS**  
after verses 2, 4 & 6

A - way out there, Where the wild Car -

nar - von rang - es rise, Where the

scrub - bers used to roam, And the brig - a - low,

*After 3rd & 5th verse D.S.*



A Last time to Coda D

was their home.

CODA D D A7 D Repeat and fade out

home. And the brig - a - low was their home.

3. The scrubber runners  
 With their terriers and tyin' straps,  
 They could ride through the brigalow  
 And never make a sound;  
 But when the wallabies rushed  
 And the timber's falling down,  
 Then the riders knew that the wild ones  
 Had been found.

4. They'd follow their tails  
 'Til they came to an open spot,  
 Then they'd call on their spurs  
 And shoulder the best ones round;  
 Then they'd throw 'em by the tail,  
 Cut their horns and tie their legs,  
 While the mob fanned out  
 And made for safer ground.

#### CHORUS

Away out there, *etc.*

5. The scrubber runner  
 Is a-wild and wiry,  
 His life depends on his judgement  
 Of man and beast;  
 And the riding's wild,  
 And there's danger in the air,  
 When the all fours of a scrub bull  
 Are released.

6. Oh, but the scrubbers are gone.  
 From Arcadia valley,  
 And every cattle pad  
 The scrubber runner knows,  
 And the brigalow scrub  
 Has been pulled and burned up,  
 Cultivation now  
 Where the old brown river flows.

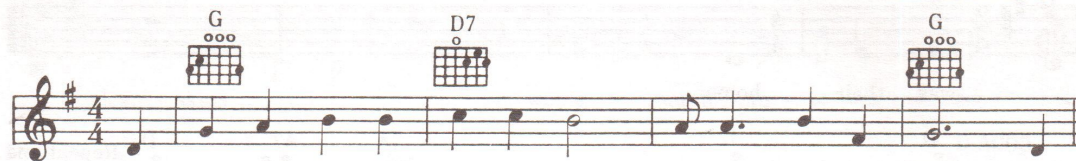
#### CHORUS

Away out there, *etc.*



# SONG OF GRANNY

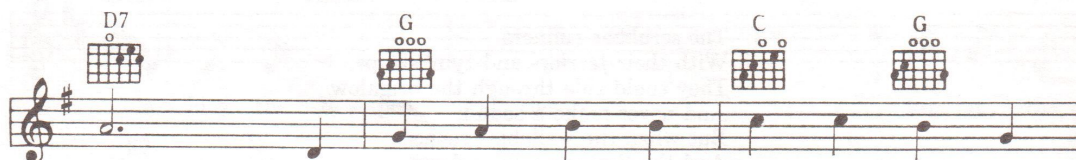
Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY



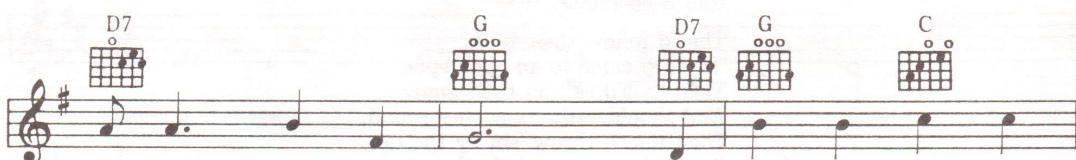
1. The



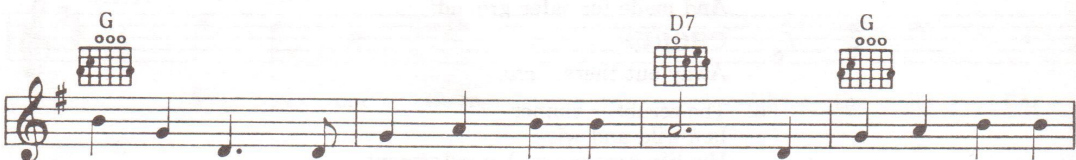
sun is shin - ing bright and fair, A glo - rious sum - mer's



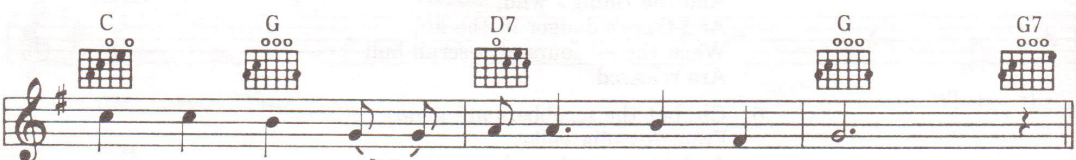
day, As quiet - ly in her old arm - chair a



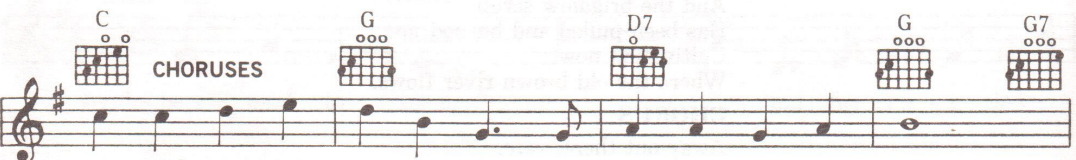
gran - ny dreams a - way. She wan - ders back in -



to the past, A - cross times mist - y haze, When she was ten - der



sweet six - teen in those pi - o - neer - ing days.



Gen - tly rock - ing to and fro, Her days are free from care,



C G A7 D7  
 Dream - ing of the long a - go when she was young and fair. Al -  
 G C G  
 though her road of life's been rough, She'd live it o'er a -  
 D7 G C G  
 gain, Those tired old hands so fee - ble now have  
 D7 G 1 2  
 done the work of men. 2. Her

2. Her home a tumbled down old shack  
 Where lonely gumtrees grew,  
 She faced the dangers way out back  
 And won the hardships too.  
 Her just reward has yet to come  
 For her unceasing toil,  
 When treasures of that promised land  
 Unfold to each and all.

#### CHORUS

Gently rocking to and fro  
 Her days are free from care,  
 Dreaming of the long ago  
 When she was young and fair.  
 The sun is setting in the West  
 To close another day,  
 As quietly in her old arm chair  
 A Granny dreams away.



# BY A FIRE OF GIDGEE COAL

Words by  
STAN COSTER

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

Key B♭: Capo 1st Fret  
Capo chords in brackets

(D)     
 (A)     
 (E7)

(A)   
 (A♭)   
 (A)   
 *Pick, strum*   
 (A)

1. By a warm e - lec - tric

(A)   
 (A7)   
 (D)

heat - er, In a soft - ly pad - ded chair, In a

(D)   
 (A)   
 (E7)   
 (A)

lounge room bright - ly light - ed by a glow - ing chan - de - lier;

(A)   
 (A7)   
 (D)

Since my ear - ly days of drov - ing, The years have tak - en

(D)   
 (A)

toll, But I some - how miss my swag - wrap by a



F7 (E7) Bb (A) A (Ab) Bb (A) verses 1 - 3  
 fire of Gid - gee coal. 2. When I  
 Bb (A) Bb7 (A7) Eb (D)  
 coal. In a pair of dust - y  
 Bb (A) F7 (E7) Bb (A) A (Ab) Bb (A)  
 mole - skins, By a fire of Gid - gee coal.

2. When I wake from sleep each morning  
 And I ring the bedside bell,  
 The maid brings in my breakfast,  
 And she fills my pipe as well;  
 There are cakes and sweetened coffee  
 On a tray of sparkling gold,  
 But I miss black tea and damper  
 By a fire of Gidgee coal.
3. I am driven out each evening  
 By a chauffeur spruce and neat,  
 Through the flowered parks and gardens  
 And the crowded city streets;  
 But I drift back through the ages,  
 While the big car softly rolls,  
 To a stock route and a waggonette  
 And a fire of Gidgee coal.
4. I attend all social parties  
 In the rich parts of the town,  
 Drink wine from fancy glasses,  
 As the waiters go their rounds;  
 But I'd rather share a bottle  
 With those drovin' mates of old,  
 In a pair of dusty moleskins,  
 By a fire of Gidgee coal;  
 In a pair of dusty moleskins,  
 By a fire of Gidgee coal.



## Down At Charlie Gray's

Here's a song based on younger days ridin' up and down old Nulla Creek. We'd ride ten miles into Bellbrook, have a good time on wild jokes and warm flat beer and then head off home somewhere in the early hours with our wine and rum. So a few funny things went on with me and Shorty, Ron, Jim, The Smith Boys and many others.

The only people we did any harm to was ourselves.

Oh for those young bush ridin' days, *Down At Charlie Gray's!*





# DOWN AT CHARLEY GRAY'S

103

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**VERSES**

1. Ev - 'ry - bod - y's mov - in' in from  
miles a - way, — There's gon - na be a shin - dig down at Char - ley  
Gray's; — Sad - dle up your po - ny, No - one feel - in'  
lone - ly, Ev - 'ry - bod - y's sing - ing, feel - ing gay, hey, hey, So —  
light up our hearts up - on the way, We're go - ing to a  
shin - dig down at Char - ley Gray's. —

**YODEL**

Ah dee oh la - ee dee dee dee. dee dee

**2. Been**

verses 1 & 3

verses 2 & 4

**FINE**



de, ——— Oh de la - ee - ee oh ——— de lee dle la - ee - ee, Oh —

— de lee ole la - ee ——— dee dee dee. ——— 5. We

1st time D.S. with repeat  
2nd time D.S. al fine

2. Been movement at the station  
For a week or more,  
We scrubbed and polished up  
His barn dance floor,  
The old guitar and accordion  
Tuned up for the final fling,  
Ready for the dancers,  
When we'll yell for more,  
And swing those pretty girls around the way,  
We're ready for the shindig  
Down at Charley Gray's.

#### Yodel

3. Charley's farm is like a parking place in town,  
With everyone arriving in about sundown,  
Young folk come to dance all night,  
Bushmen come to booze and fight,  
Everyone was there to really go to town.  
And we all jumped up  
As the music swung away,  
And gave a cheer for good old  
Dear old Charley Gray.

4. A bunch of fellers sneaked off  
To his melon bed,  
Charley heard a whisper  
And he lost his head,  
Grabbed his shotgun from the rack,  
Raced down for the melon patch,  
Really made 'em jump  
As he went sprayin' lead,  
And the boys sang out from the hills  
When far away,  
We've never had a better night at Charley Gray's.

#### Yodel

5. We danced all night  
Until the sun began to rise,  
Then brushed the sleep and sawdust  
From our weary eyes,  
And I want you all to know  
As we saddled up to go,  
Charley Gray was standing there  
Upon the rise,  
He said: "Come back again another day,"  
And so we gave another cheer  
For Charley Gray.



# KEEP THE LOVELIGHT SHINING

105

Sung by Slim and Joy

Words and Music by  
JOY McKEAN

G  Pick, strum D  A7 

D  A  Chorus: Slim & Joy

Keep the love - light shin - ing though your

A  E7 

heart may break in two, Don't let bit - ter -

E7  A 

ness creep in and get a hold on you.

A 

Don't just throw a - way a life of love and ten - der -

D  A 

ness, But keep the love - light shin - ing for the



E A FINE

one you love the best.

1st time to verse 1

2nd time to verse 2

D Verse 1: Slim A7

1. How can I tell you? What can I say? To

A D

com - fort you and help you in your trou - ble to - day.

G

Ev - en though she's left — you, Left you all a -

D A7

lone, Just keep your love - light shin - ing 'til the

A7 D

day — she comes home. Keep the

D.S. ♪



Verse 2: Joy

2. She won't be the first one that's wan - dered a -

way, And she won't be the last one to come back some -

day. If you real - ly love — her, Want her for your

own, Just keep your love a - shin - ing for the

day she comes home. Keep the

D.S. al fine



# NO GOOD BABY

Words and Music by  
GORDON PARSONS

**VERSES**

1. I'm writ - ing you this let - ter, Each  
word goes down — with care, I think it's time we  
called a halt, — Your game stops run - ning there. For you're  
no good — ba - by, no good ba - by,  
You've had all the sun - shine, I've copped all the rain...  
—

**CHORUS**

2. Oh, you For you're no good —

verses 1 - 3 last time



ba - by, no — good ba - by, Gon - na  
get my - self some sun - shine, You can cop some rain.\_

2. Oh, you had that ace card  
Up your sleeve,  
You cheated and you lost,  
For playing smart  
I've trumped your heart,  
And now you'll pay the cost.

**CHORUS**

For you're no good, baby, *etc.*

3. Oh, you told me  
That you loved me,  
And you rolled those big blue eyes,  
But you was only a-foolin'  
And a-tellin' no-good lies.

**CHORUS**

For you're no good, baby, *etc.*

4. Oh, you took me,  
Rolled my money,  
And you threw it round the town,  
But now the show is over  
And the curtains' coming down.

**CHORUS**

For you're no good, baby, *etc.*

**LAST CHORUS**

For you're no good, baby,  
No good, baby,  
Gonna get myself some sunshine,  
You can cop some rain.



# CLAYPAN BOOGIE

Words by  
STAN COSTER

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**Boogie feel**  **VERSES** 

1. Well I was dro - ving cat - tle on the plains way out, —

Spoken: Right in the mid - dle of a blaz - ing drought, Sung: I



camped one night 'neath the moon and stars, — When I a -



woke to the rhy - thm of a beat gui - tar. — 'Twas the

 **CHORUS**

Clay - pan Boo - gie, — I could - n't — be - lieve my

eyes, The Clay - pan Boo - gie, —



Un - der the de - sert skies. 2. Well in the

last time

skies, Let's go!

Repeat and fade out

2. Well in the big claypan 'neath the light of the stars  
 Stood a Wallaroo, shaking with a big guitar  
 And rocking in the circle with a little blue doe  
 Was a red buck roo shouting: go man go.

**CHORUS**

"Twas the Claypan Boogie, *etc.*

3. Well I rubbed my eyes and I looked again,  
 Just to make sure that I was seeing plain,  
 There was no mistake about the geetar man,  
 Why he was picking out a rhythm on the big claypan.

**CHORUS**

"Twas the Claypan Boogie, *etc.*

4. Well the other drovers climbed out of their swags,  
 All started rocking, including their nags,  
 I heard a low beat from the cattle camp,  
 Why the whole mob of cattle were beginning to stamp.

**CHORUS**

"Twas the Claypan Boogie, *etc.*

5. Well I'm an old cattle drover and a desert lair,  
 But I dig hot rhythm and I ain't no square,  
 Rhythm is the word you don't understand  
 Until you've heard it coming from the big claypan.

**CHORUS**

"Twas the Claypan Boogie, *etc.*



## The Nature Of Man

My first recorded monologue I think. Years ago, I was broken down with axle trouble in Dubbo, N.S.W. To fill in the day, Joy and I did a lot of window shopping (Joy mostly), then we ended up outside the city's swimming pool. Young people were horseplaying and doing all the usual things. One young girl was in a mob, and she did her best to keep up with them. She had no use of her legs, so she rolled and crawled about but she was accepted by the gang and doing her bit. I'd say she was about 15 years old. She inspired me to write *Nature Of Man*.





# THE NATURE OF MAN


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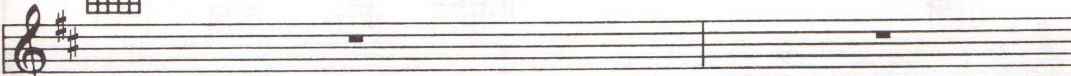
Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

Pick, strum  All lyrics are spoken




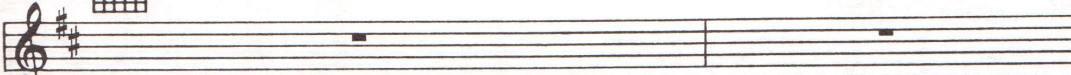
1. This world could be filled with success for us all as the







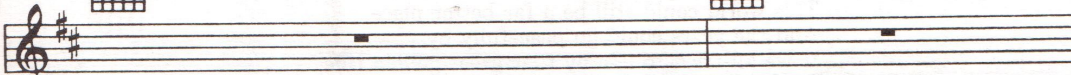
wonders of science expand, But in -






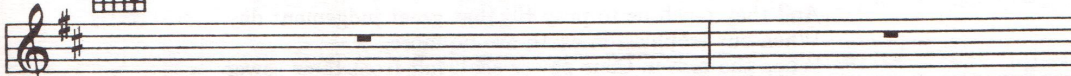
stead there is greed and destruction today, And the




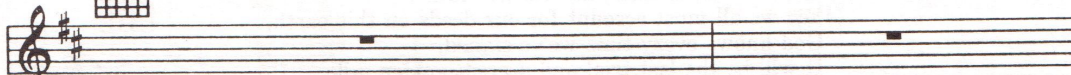
cause is the Nature of Man, This





old mother earth supplies so many needs as the





great human family expands, Then why



THE NATURE OF MAN

should God's children be troubled with fear? A -

gain it's the Nature of Man. verses 1 - 3

last verse

2. Now the men.

2. Now the small businessman is friendlier by far  
Than the big boss with mansions so grand,  
More friendship you'll meet  
From the man in the street,  
It's the sad mixed up Nature of man.  
This world could still be a far better place,  
And the years could go peacefully by,  
If we all tried to live by that great golden rule,  
Do unto others as you'd be done by.
3. Now the moon and the sun and the seasons that run,  
And the rainfall that quenches the land,  
Are watched we are told by a heavenly soul  
With powers we can't understand.  
And they teach us to pray till that great judgement day  
When our troubles on earth are no more,  
When the rich in their power shall fall from their tower  
And be stood by the side of the poor.
4. On that great Judgement Day when we're called all the way  
And the word of our Saviour prevails,  
And when we are asked to tell of our past  
That's when so many stories will fail.  
For we all must account for our deeds on this earth,  
God knows every time we've sinned,  
It will be the last trial and a great golden mile  
For all faithful and God loving men.



# PADDY GRAMP

115

Words by  
JOE DALY

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

1. Oh, oh, I come from plur - ry Queens - land and my  
name is Pad - dy Gramp, — Work out on cat - tle  
sta - tion, Long - a white — man must - t'rin' camp,  
I chase and throw the scrub - ber bull, Ride  
buck jump horse for sport, — This ring - er job I  
learn - in' well when knee - high to a quart.

*Last time to Coda*



2. Ten day a - long - a week I work and

some - time long - er still, Boss say I catch - em

o - ver - time — when gov' - ment pass the bill.

There's sand mixed long - a flour, — And - a

meat left long - a bone, — When damp - er cook to

me he taste all same a - long — grind - stone.

rit. Last time D.S. al  $\Phi$ , then Coda



**CODA**  
Guitar tacet 3 bars

Sung:

Spoken: And then I knocks the slab right out o' the old Kentucky home, y' know, I say to him: "It

D

looks al - right to me boss," I call back through the door,

A7

— "I been sell - ing clean skin mick - ies for the

A7

D

last twelve months or more."

3. Oh, oh, in wintertime one blanket job,  
All night along-a freeze up,  
Maybe bullock jump the rush  
And Paddy get the breeze up,  
Ol' pack horse cook  
He all time growl,  
But me still none the wiser,  
Policeman catch 'im plurry quick  
Along-a breath-a-lizer.
4. Head stockman boss I tell 'im quick  
I pull out long-a station,  
Go walk-about along a creek  
Once more with all elation.  
Boss take me to his office then,  
And this is what he say:  
"Oh, I'll read your statement Paddy,  
Before you get your pay."
5. "Oh, oh, there's a pound o' black tobaccer  
And a shirt and trouser set,  
A pair of boots you never got,  
And a hat you didn't get.  
There's a stockwhip and a quart pot,  
What you didn't get you spent,  
And of course there's our commission,  
Roughly twenty-five percent."

6. "There's a dozen stubby bottles,  
Let me see, that's twenty four,  
And the refund on the empties  
Means you're down a few cents more.  
There's sales tax plus duty,  
And the freight we multiply,  
There's your cheque, a dollar fifty,  
Cost of living getting high.
7. "Oh, oh, so there you have it, Paddy,  
Wrote down in black and white,  
But I'd like you just to check it  
And convince yourself it's right."

**Spoken:** And then I knocks the slab  
Right out o' the old Kentucky home,  
Y' know,  
I say to him:

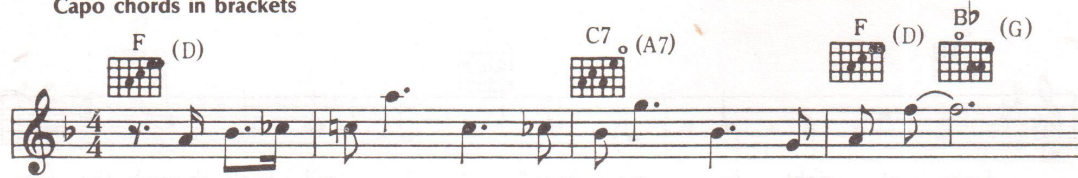
**SUNG:** "It looks alright to me, boss,"  
I call back through the door,  
"I been selling clean skin mickies  
For the last twelve months or more."



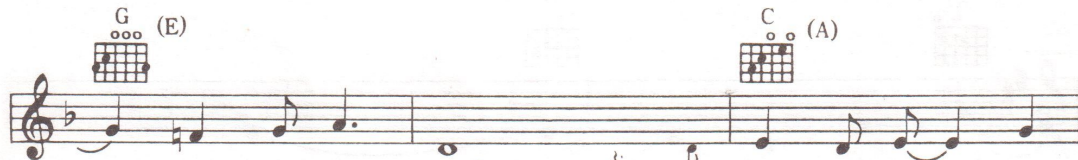
# DREAMIN' ON THE SLIPRAIL

Words and Music by  
JOHN ASHE

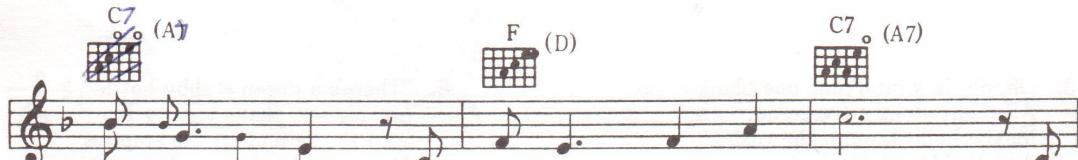
Key F: Capo 3rd Fret  
Capo chords in brackets



1. Just dream - in' on — the slip - rail as the sun —



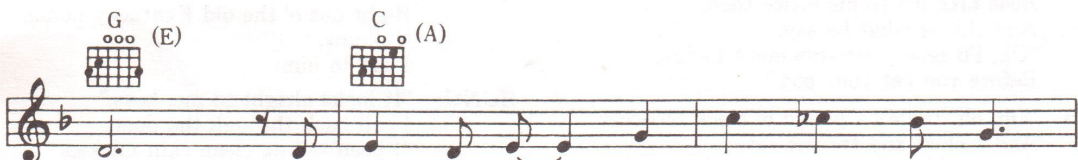
— sinks on the hill, Think - in' of — the



fool I was and what I might be still; For



drink was my — com - pan - ion and all work a drudg - er -



y, I had no time — for God and thought God

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The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp). It includes guitar chords and lyrics with yodels.

**Staff 1:** Chord C (A) is shown above the first measure. The melody starts on G4. The lyrics are "had no time for me." followed by a yodel "Oh de". Chord F (D) is shown above the second measure.

**Staff 2:** Chord F (D) is shown above the first measure. The melody continues. The lyrics are "lay - ee oh de lay - ee, Oh de la - ee oh de". Chord Bb (G) is shown above the second measure, and chord F (D) is shown above the third measure.

**Staff 3:** Chord C (A) is shown above the first measure. The melody continues. The lyrics are "lay - ee oh lay - ee." followed by a yodel "2. And". Chord F (D) is shown above the second measure. A box labeled "verses 1 & 2" covers the final part of the staff, and a box labeled "last verse" covers the final measure.

2. And then I met my darlin' girl,  
 So kind and sweet was she,  
 An angel sent from heaven above  
 Awoke the man in me;  
 And now no axe nor plough nor hoe  
 Will ever make me shirk,  
 I have a farm, a family,  
 And know the joy of work.

#### Yodel

3. The gentle breezes seem to bring  
 God's message from the blue,  
 And in my baby's smiling eyes  
 I see God smiling too;  
 I feel his presence with me now  
 While all is hushed and still,  
 Just dreamin' on the sliprail  
 As the sun sinks on the hill.

#### Yodel



# PASTURES OF HOME

Sung by Slim and Joy

Words and Music by  
JOHN ASHE

G 7 1 C G D7

G G C

VERSES

1. Sweet - heart - mine, How you loved me

C G A D

so, I was a fool who must roam;

G C

Now I look through the mist of years,

G D G

Back to the pastures of home.

G7 C

I would go where my spir - it called,



G D

O - ver the land and the foam, \_\_\_\_\_

G C

How I've \_\_\_\_\_ longed to be back with you,

G D G

Back to the pas - tures of home. \_\_\_\_\_ FINE

G YODEL D

Oh de lay - ee - ay de ee oh lay - ee, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh

D G

lay - ee - oh de - ee - oh lay - ee. \_\_\_\_\_ Last time D.S. al fine

2. Boyhood friends  
 Who were strong and true,  
 You were no fools who must roam,  
 Who's sweet wife is my own true love,  
 Back on the pastures of home.  
 Mother, Mother I've laid to rest  
 Under the grass and the loam,  
 Now I look through the mist of tears  
 Back to the pastures of home.

**Yodel**

3. On, still on,  
 Through the world I roam,  
 What does it count where I roam,  
 As I look through the mist of years  
 Back to the pastures of home.  
 Now I'm weary I lift my eyes  
 Up to the heavens blue door,  
 I pray my God may receive me yet  
 Back to the pastures of home.



## When The Moon Across The Bushland Beams

These words were written by the late and great Mack Cormack. Mack had a sadness about his writing that reminds me of Lawson — Mack and Lawson had a lot in common. They gave the impression that their lives were a failure, well as I've said before, as failures, they both did pretty well.





# WHEN THE MOON ACROSS THE BUSHLAND BEAMS

123

Words by  
ALEX CORMACK

Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

 *Pick, strum* **VERSES**

1. On an old home - stead ve - ran -

   dah an old man sits at rest, In his

   kind grey eyes a wist - ful mem - 'ry gleams;

  And he al - ways sits there night - ly and

  lives a - gain the past, When the moon a - cross the

  bush - land beams. And he



**CHORUSES**

hears the trac - tors work - ing in the fields of gold - en

grain, The work he used — to do with eight - horse

teams; And his brown old hands — they fum - ble as

though he feels the reins, When the moon a - cross — the

bush - land — beams. — beams. —

Last time D.S. al  $\Phi - \Phi$

**Guitar Chords:** D, A, E, A, D, A, E, A, D, A, A, D, A



2. On the road way in the distance  
 Car lights come and go,  
 Where once the swagman tramped his lonely way;  
 The teamster and the drover  
 No longer shout, "G'day!"  
 As they did long ago  
 Along the Castlereagh.

#### CHORUS

For these old mates he thinks of  
 Are relics from the past,  
 They have made their bow to progress,  
 So it seems;  
 And he sees them all so clearly  
 As he sits out there at rest,  
 When the moon across the bushland beams.

3. Then a sadness settles o'er him  
 As he dreams of her at rest,  
 Sleeping 'neath the pine trees on the rise;  
 The years they spent together  
 To him were heaven blessed,  
 He remembers as the teardrops dim his eyes.

#### CHORUS

For in the early days they battled  
 When the drought was on the land,  
 When the seasons brought them doubts  
 And many fears;  
 But they battled on together,  
 Ever onward hand in hand,  
 With the courage of the early pioneers.

4. Soon he'll be called to wander  
 To the overland above,  
 To join the one who once shared all his dreams;  
 And I like to think he'll hear it  
 As he sits out there at rest,  
 When the moon across the bushland beams.



# THE OLD RUSTY BELL

Key E: Capo 2nd Fret  
Capo chords in brackets

Words and Music by  
SHORTY RANGER & IVY WATERS

**VERSE**

1. For - ty years — have passed a - way — since John - nie drove his

team, And stopped be - side an old — friend's home, To

say "Gid' - day" — 'twould seem. The moth - er smiled a

friend - ly smile, Said: "John, you'll stay for tea, — You

drove your bull - ock team all day, 'Tis tired — you — must be."

**CHORUS**

She called her men folk on the farm, — But they



did - n't hear her call, She called and called and

once a - gain, But they did - n't hear at all; So

John - nie took a bull - ock bell, Said: "Here, I'll lend you

this, And if you ring it loud and long, It's a

sound they'll nev - er miss."

2. Now last time Jog - ging a - home at sun - down with Smo - ker by his

side. It was just a sim - ple sto - ry, And it's



been a joy — to tell, But I would · n't take a  
for - tune for that old bull - ock bell; No I bell.

2. Now forty years have come and gone  
 Since Johnnie left that bell,  
 And yesterday I picked it up,  
 I remember that sound well;  
 It used to hang on Boomer's neck,  
 It dinged as he walked along,  
 With all the other bullocks bells  
 To me it was a song.

#### CHORUS

But the rusty bell is painted now  
 With initials on one side,  
 On the other side I put his brand  
 And cherish it with pride;  
 Away back in the twenties  
 When no trucks were on the road,  
 From Five day Creek to Kempsey  
 Took weeks to bring a load.

3. The bullockies would camp at night  
 On reserves along the way,  
 At the nook at Tom's Gully,  
 And be off at the break of day.  
 You could hear the bells a-ringing  
 While the bullocks had their rest,  
 There wasn't any hurry  
 And those bygone days were best.

#### CHORUS

That's why I cherish this old bell,  
 When I found it I was glad,  
 I used to hear it ringing,  
 It belonged to my dear old Dad.  
 I still remember Sargoe,  
 The horse he used to ride,  
 Jogging a-home at sundown  
 With Smoker by his side.  
 It was just a simple story,  
 And it's been a joy to tell,  
 But I wouldn't take a fortune  
 For that old bullock bell,  
 No I wouldn't take a fortune  
 For that old bullock bell.



# YOU'VE STEPPED OUT OF LINE

Key F: Capo 3rd Fret  
Capo chords in brackets

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**F** (D) **C7** (A7)

Intro: Acoustic guitar

**C7** (A7) **F** (D)

**F** (D) **C7** (A7)

**YODEL**

Oh de lee oh de lee oh de lae de lay - ee -

**C7** (A7) **F** (D)

ee, Oh lay - ee dee dee — dee.

**F** (D) **C7** (A7)

**CHORUS**

Oh, you've stepped out of line for the ver - y last

**C7** (A7) **F** (D)

time, And - a this time I know we're through;



F (D) C7 (A7)

Take your things and be gone, I won't miss you

C7 (A7) F (D)

Now? 'Cause you've tak - en my love for — you.

F (D) Bb (G) F (D)

VERSES

1. When it's night - time in the lane where we'll nev - er meet a -

F (D) C7 (A7) F (D)

gain, To - night the moon will be lone - ly;

F (D) Bb (G) F (D)

So I'm gon - na take a drive, And wait 'til he ar -

F (D) G (E) C7 (A7)

rives, And share my tears with him on - ly; Oh, you've

F (D) G7 (E7)

stepped out of line for the ver - y last time, And - a



C7 (A7)
 F (D)
 *2nd time to Coda*

this time I know we're through.

**CODA**
 F (D)

through; Yes, you've stepped out of line for the

G7 (E7)
 C7 (A7)

ver - y last time, And - a this time I know

C7 (A7)
 F (D)
 Bb (G)
 F (D)

we're through.

### Yodel

#### CHORUS




Oh, you've stepped out of line  
 For the very last time,  
 No more tears I'll waste on you,  
 Now I'm out of your way,  
 Go ahead cheat and play,  
 I don't care if you win or lose.

2. When you're through with paintin' town  
 Don't you bother coming round,  
 Every day I'll be getting older,  
 I'll have better things to do  
 Than waste time and tears on you,  
 There's no more leaning on my shoulder.  
 Oh, you've stepped out of line  
 For the very last time,  
 And - a this time I know we're through;  
 Yes, you've stepped out of line  
 For the very last time,  
 And - a this time I know we're through.




# THIS CHAP WHO KNOWS A LOT





Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY


A7  Pick, strum D  G 

All lyrics are spoken








1. Now in

G  C  G  C 








every occupation that ever comes or goes, You'll always chance to

G  A7  D  G 






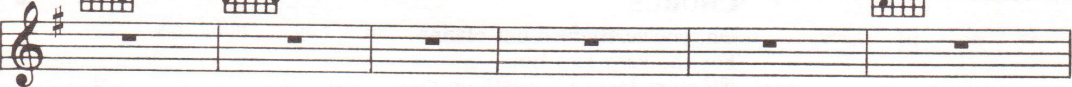
meet him, This chap who knows he knows. He'll talk his way in

G  C  G  C  G 






anywhere, And sometimes out again, He's everyone's adviser, And he's

D  G  C 







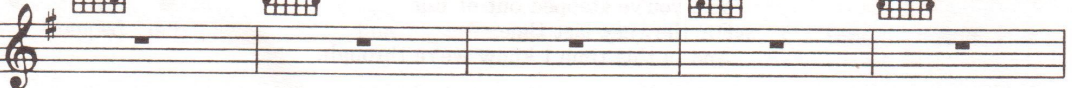
everybody's friend. Perhaps he was existing when man lived in a

G  C  G  A7  D 



cave, And he bragged about his fathers, The bravest of the brave.

D  G  C  G 



And he told of famous fighters, And if believed or not, Why he



felt just as important, This chap who knows a lot just couldn't help bragging,

that's all. 2. Now I

last verse

2. Now I see him as a soldier  
 Who won the last great war,  
 Though he never joined the army  
 'Til the foe was at our door,  
 And he never left Australia,  
 And he hardly fired a shot,  
 But he saved the situation,  
 This chap who knows a lot,  
 Then I see him as a farmer  
 With debts upon his head,  
 But he'd back his bunch of Jerseys  
 Against the best that's bred.  
 His fences need repairing,  
 And there's foot rot through his stock,  
 But he knows how to fix it,  
 This chap who knows a lot;  
 Just a typical Aussie,  
 Too darned casual, I'd say.

3. Now you'll meet him in the cities  
 Or townships further out,  
 He'll always join you in a beer  
 And can't return the shout,  
 Then he feels for his tobaccor  
 Which rarely he can find,  
 But you're a sport by saying:  
 "Well here have one of mine."  
 And when a few you've shouted  
 Just to drown his threatening cares,  
 He starts on politicians  
 And national affairs,  
 And he tells you how the country  
 Just really should be run,  
 Of course that's if he was in power,  
 And no doubt he'd equal some,  
 No comment this time.

4. But he mostly is a drifter  
 In rather careless clothes,  
 And how he earns a living,  
 Well, it's only him who knows.  
 And he often makes a fortune,  
 While talking to a friend,  
 Well then why is this feller  
 The worst off in the end?  
 But who am I to question  
 Or run this fella down,  
 All sorts it takes to make a world,  
 Or things would not go round.  
 And we're always pleased to meet him,  
 Whatever be his lot,  
 And he'll always be amongst us,  
 This chap who knows a lot.  
 Well that's about all there is,  
 I hope you've learned something.



# IT'S NEVER THE SAME (MY JOURNEY HOME)

Words and Music by  
SLIM DUSTY

**VERSES**

1. I thought I'd take a  
trip up North to see the old place a -  
gain, But it's al - ways wrong to  
go back like that, For some - how it's nev - er the  
same; No it's nev - ER the same as it  
was years a - go, When I rode through the pad - docks in  
spring, No nev - er the same as I thought it would -

*Handwritten annotations: F9, 8, 12, 16, 17, 24*

*Chord diagrams: F, F7, Bb, C7, G7*



be, The long years have changed ev - 'ry - thing.

Hi dee de oh de la - ee, Oh de - la - ee dee,

Oh de - la - ee dee.

D.S. with repeat last time

2. The sliprails in the fence were down,  
The grass on the track was long,  
And the old home was still and deserted  
For the old folk and family are gone.  
Yes, gone from the farm and the valley,  
And the people are strangers to me,  
I just don't fit in around here anymore,  
It's not how I thought it would be.

#### Yodel

3. The school house that was my childhood world,  
Where teacher knew every nickname,  
It once was so cosy and homely,  
Even that doesn't seem just the same.  
But when I heard the voices of children  
Shouting and laughing at play,  
My mates they seemed to be calling to me  
Like an echo from my yesterday.
4. But it wasn't the way I remembered it,  
The shine was rubbed off it seems,  
But I'll always remember the old place,  
The way I recall it in dreams.  
Though it's never the same  
As it was years ago  
When I rode through the paddocks in spring,  
No never the same as I thought it would be,  
The long years have changed everything.

#### Yodel







GUITAR/LYRICS

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Vol 2



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